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FOURTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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FOUR YEARS AGO, when most men's magazines were thumping hairy chests and devoting themselves to stories of the *I Ate a Man-Eating Tiger Alive and Lived* ilk, a new publication appeared on the nation's newsstands. It had Marilyn Monroe on the cover instead of a bull elephant and inside, male readers discovered, Miss Monroe appeared in somewhat more detail, as part of a full-color center feature. Also within the first issue of this new magazine were articles on jazz, food and drink, football, contemporary furniture and the alimony game; fiction by authors of note; cartoons by such as Gardner Rea, Al Stine and Vip; a new translation of a classic tale by Giovanni Boccaccio; a page of sophisticated jokes; and a smart smattering of other things calculated to entertain and/or enlighten the young urban man. The suspense must be killing you, so we'll reveal without further ado that the publication just described was the first issue of PLAYBOY.

You know the rest — you've read all about it in *Time, Newsweek, Fortune, The Nation* or perhaps on this *Playbill* page, where every so often it has been our wont to regale you with our success story, complete with circulation figures and unashamed exclamations of dazzlement, gratitude and pride.

Rest easy: the PLAYBOY phenomenon will not be warmed over yet again on this, our Fourth Anniversary. However, lest you think you are getting away without any commercial whatever, be informed that this issue includes an interview with PLAYBOY by Mike Wallace. It also includes fine fiction by Budd Schulberg and Gerald Kersh; opinion by H. Allen Smith; articles by John Sack, Thomas Mario and Vance Packard (author of the best-selling *The Hidden Persuaders*); an introduction to a new Playmate named Linda and a visit with Lisa, a Playmate of the past; a nine-page spectacular on satirist Harvey Kurtzman and his cohorts; Christmas gift tips galore; a Ribald Classic; a page of Party Jokes; and other delights all demonstrating that in four years, PLAYBOY hasn't changed very much. It's just grown better and better.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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HERBERT GOLD!

Herbert Gold! Herbert Gold! Herbert Gold! The name shines from the pages of recent PLAYBOY issues. Herbert Gold wins the 1956 PLAYBOY Fiction Award! Herbert Gold wins a Guggenheim Fellowship! No doubt remains but that Mr. Gold is, indeed, a talent find. However, having just finished reading *Do Nice Artistic Girls?*, there wells up from deep within a question: Has Mr. Gold fallen victim to that occupational disease of writers, successitis? There is a point reached by the successful author at which he may become confused in the definition of a good story. We would not make so bold as to state the cause of the affliction, but the symptoms are easily discernible: fascination with well-chosen words, preoccupation with descriptive prose. There is, of course, the possibility that we are simply stewing in our own stupidity, that Mr. Gold is too subtle for us. At the moment, though, we feel that all that is Gold does not necessarily glitter.

Jay Scott, G. E. Smeiska
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Do Nice Artistic Girls? astonished me as an example of versatility. I recall another Herbert Gold story some months ago about fraternity life and a nonconformist frat brother who was made to suffer. It was sensitive, powerful, profound. To find the same author turning out a hilarious, brittle, "inside" story like the current one, is cause for wonder. It brings to mind another similar experience which I'll never forget: seeing Laurence Olivier play Oedipus and then, after an intermission of a few minutes, play a fop in powdered wig in a Restoration farce.

Paul R. Reynolds
New York, New York

MISS AUGUST

Three cheers for Peter Gowland and your August Playmate, Dolores Donlon! Have you noticed her striking resemblance to Jayne Mansfield (while straddling the chair), and to Corinne Calvet (as she adorns the couch)?

Robert C. Lafferty III
Roswell, New Mexico

After throwing a brief (10 minutes) glance at blonde, long-legged, beautiful brown-eyed Dolores Donlon, I found only one thing wrong with this "girl-next-door" — she doesn't live next door to me.

George Towner
Niagara Falls, New York

How did Dolores Donlon acquire her T-bird, Cad, swimming pool and 20-room house with eight bedrooms? Being a woman, I am just curious. Being a man, my husband thinks *he* knows the answer.

Lynn Livingston
Beverly Hills, California

He should be ashamed of himself.

THE BIT BIT

The kitchen gear shown in *The Gourmet Bit* is certainly a handsome collection. Pity, then, the article was titled with a word that means a fitting for a horse's mouth. What is this obsession PLAYBOY has for the word "bit"?

Mrs. S. B. Kramer
Sunnyvale, California

Ever sensitive to the shifting spectrum of slang, PLAYBOY *simply reflected a fashionable lingual obsession. Dig?*

THE IVY TOGA

The enchantment of your Fashion Editor with Ivy League clothes escapes me. There are large numbers of red-blooded, high-spirited American males who cannot measure down to the scrawny, narrow-shouldered youths for whom such clothes were designed. Obviously, there must be a richer style of garment for these robust types. I would suggest that a better-fitting and more proper style of garment should be marked for promotion by the leadership genius of PLAYBOY magazine. For this

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purpose I offer the toga, a time-proven, masculine garment of wonderful grace and comfort. Should the change be too great for the Fashion Editor, perhaps PLAYBOY would sponsor a compromise—a toga with a belt in the back.

Norman E. Rudolph
San Clemente, California

In every issue of PLAYBOY, I take particular interest in the articles on fashion. Besides being well written, there is always a bit of valuable advice which, when followed, has helped improve my appearance. For that—thanks.

Woodrow G. Bassett
New Britain, Connecticut

PLAYBOY PARTY

Thought you might like to know about the success you shared with us at the U. of Wisconsin's greatest social triumph since the co-ed was invented—Theta Chi's PLAYBOY Party. An estimated 300 persons, dressed as the playboys and playmates they fancied themselves, were present. So were Bob Scobey and Clancy Hayes and their Dixieland group, and we went through $350 worth of good-old

Milwaukee cereal beverage before an appointed time when sorority housemothers traditionally hoist the drawbridges on their errant flock. My date had to walk home when I lost her in the crowd, but she still has stars in her eyes. Many thanks for the free PLAYBOY decorations and help in making this the biggest blast on Greek Street *ever*.

Dave Preiss
Theta Chi Fraternity
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

I enjoyed Francis Wallace's *Pigskin Preview*—really, really tops.

Bob Ambelang
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Glad to see PLAYBOY is keeping Francis Wallace's pigskin prophecy before the public. However, I think old Francis let the Playmate addle his attention. A faithful and battered Ivy Leaguer, I was surprised to note that Francis relegated only two of the flock below the .500 mark. I added up the predicted records of the eight Ivies—it came to 44-27. Now, our

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boys play 28 games in the Conference, so it follows, barring ties, that there should be that many losses. Aside from that, Francis would have the Ivies winning every one of their non-Conference games. The day that phenomenon comes to pass, we'll kick the Big Ten out of the Rose Bowl.

A. L. Green
New York, New York

TAKE YOUR SEATS

Ray Russell is a real jewel. His article on backsides, *Take Your Seats*, was one of his best yet. How about a follow-up on frontsides?

Gary Arneal
Huntington Park, California

I thoroughly enjoyed Ray Russell's article, *Take Your Seats*. At a recent party, some friends and I read the piece and finally came up with 28 terms commonly and not so commonly used for the female mammae.

Pres Scott
Duluth, Minnesota

Re *Take Your Seats*, gluteus-maxophile Russell bypassed perhaps only *bustle* in his thesauric research into synonyms and euphemisms for "le fess" (Fr.). When it comes to the Dept. of the Keester, meester, I propose an honor for the gal who has made her mark for posteriority by so generously displaying God's little acre of cheekage, Vikki Dougan. Vikki (the Queen of Swat) deserves to have *dougan* written into the English slanguage as a new term for the other 33 forms of low-bottomy. Three cheers for cheeks cake!

Forrest J. Ackerman
Los Angeles, California

When author Ray Russell wrote his humorous essay on the various names for the rounded parts of the gluteal region, he used only the terms of the laity. He failed to include its proper biological cognomen which is, to be precise, the anterior part of the copra quadrigema of the brain of man.

Rick Fizdole
Chicago, Illinois

De Maupassant referred to "the full, fresh, plump, sweet ischial tuberosities of my mistress."

Robert Kramer
Fargo, North Dakota

In these parts, we say *hootenanny*!

Bill Chadwick
Atlanta, Georgia

Russell forgot *rumble seat* . . .

Ida Swanson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

. . . *Landing gear* . . .

Capt. Henry Greenberg, USAF
Denver, Colorado

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

BALLOTS in the second annual PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL fill our office near to overflowing. In a tabulation of the first returns, Stan Kenton and Duke Ellington are running neck and neck for Leader of the 1958 PLAYBOY JAZZ ALL-STARS, with Count Basie and Dizzy Gillespie close behind. Gillespie, Louis Armstrong, Chet Baker, Miles Davis, Bobby Hackett, Shorty Rogers, Roy Eldridge and Maynard Ferguson are all early front-runners for the four-man trumpet team; J. J. Johnson, Kai Winding, Bob Brookmeyer, Jack Teagarden, Frank Rosolino, Bill Harris, Turk Murphy and Trummy Young are ditto on trombone.

Paul Desmond is off to an early lead on alto sax, with Bud Shank, Lee Konitz and Johnny Hodges not too far behind; Zoot Sims is in close pursuit, with Al Belletto, Charlie Mariano, Willie Smith and Sonny Stitt making a good opening showing, too. Stan Getz has started very strong for top tenor honors; Lester Young and Charlie Ventura are ahead in the balloting for the second tenor chair, with Bob Cooper, Coleman Hawkins and Zoot Sims all close behind, and Georgie Auld, Jimmy Giuffre and Sonny Rollins within striking distance. It looks like another landslide victory for Gerry Mulligan on baritone sax, with scattered votes for Carney, Cohn, Giuffre and Shank. The only challenges to Benny Goodman's clarinet crown come from Jimmy Giuffre and Buddy DeFranco.

Erroll Garner and Dave Brubeck are running about even in the early balloting for All-Star piano, with André Previn, George Shearing and Oscar Peterson close behind; Carroll, Ellington, Lewis, McPartland, Monk, Silver and Taylor have all received attention from readers in the initial voting, too. Barney Kessel is doing well in the early guitar tabulation, with Johnny Smith, Eddie Condon and Les Paul pressing, and Almeida, Ellis, Hall, Salvador and Van Eps close behind. It's a tight race between Ray Brown, Oscar Pettiford and Eddie Safranski for first bass; Brown won last year's poll by less than 50 votes. A drum battle rages again between Shelly Manne and Gene Krupa; Buddy Rich and Chico Hamilton are doing well also, with Jo Jones, Max Roach and Louis Bellson beating time not far behind. Lionel Hampton and his vibes are again leading the way among miscellaneous instruments, followed by Milt Jackson, vibes; Art Van Damme, accordion; Cal Tjader, vibes; Shorty Rogers, flügelhorn; and Herbie Mann presently leading both Collette and Shank on flute.

The fabulous Frank Sinatra is well out ahead among male vocalists, followed by Mel Tormé, Sammy Davis, Jr., Nat Cole, Johnny Mathis and Joe Williams; Ella Fitzgerald, June Christy and Chris Connor are all close together in the balloting for top female thrush, followed by Eydie Gormé, Julie London, Peggy Lee, Doris Day and Sarah Vaughan — all near enough to overtake them.

The instrumental combo division is shaping up into a battle between the Modern Jazz Quartet and the Dave Brubeck Quartet, with the Louis Armstrong All-Stars, George Shearing Quintet, Chico Hamilton Quintet and Oscar Peterson Trio all pulling well; among vocal groups, the Four Freshmen and the Hi-Lo's are breathing heavily down each other's collective necks. The final results of the second annual PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL will appear in the February issue.

•

We were apartment hunting with a friend down in Greenwich Village when the following sign, pasted in the window of a real estate office, caught our eye: "Loveliest old house on West Fourth, $30,000, four floors filled with priceless antiques, furniture, drapes, china, jewelry, boors, etc. Shown only to Americans of class." Later that same day, we were stopped by this one in the window of a delicatessen: "Our tongue sandwiches speak for themselves." And then we were apprised of a neat little placard in a Hollywood launderette window that reads: "Ladies who drop off their clothes will get prompt and courteous service."

•

Just when the Organization Man most needs surcease from the carking cares of daily, split-second decisions, that steely-eyed giant of commerce is, instead, being continuously analyzed and dissected by cold-blooded sociologists who have given up on lesser game. But not everyone is indifferent to the exec's plight and anxious only to probe his motives and his psyche. Help *has* been proffered in the matter of those rapid and vital decisions which so tax his capacities. Carson, Roberts, Inc., a fireball west coast ad outfit, has perfected a device which practically does the job itself, a gadget so simple and yet so effective that it makes Univac and Sputnik seem the work of Neanderthals. This invaluable executive tool is a gold coin about the size of a half-dollar. On one side is the legend "Do It!", on the other a pithy "The Hell with It," and just think what a timesaver this can be in the fast-action world of the conference room or the executive suite. And what about your executive sweetie? One flip helps you decide in a trice whether to chase her around the desk; another flip helps *her* decide whether to accept your gracious invitation to the romp. And no moving parts — in the coin, that is.

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THEATRE

For the new Broadway season's first musical smash, ***West Side Story,*** Arthur Laurents has the courage to retell the Romeo and Juliet legend in terms of tenement love and juvenile gang warfare in a Gotham jungle. Shakespeare's noble Montagues become a brand of homebred, shiv-toting teenagers called the Jets; his Capulets are the Sharks, equally proud and inarticulate intruders from Puerto Rico. The miracle is that Jerome Robbins, doubling as director and choreographer, has transmuted a grim slice of life into a touching, spellbinding minor work of Art. There are no so-called big names in the cast, but Larry Kert and Carol Lawrence, as R. & J. respectively, plus a bunch of wild-eyed cohorts, are perfectly cast as the warring street gangs. Aided by Stephen Sondheim's lyrics, Leonard Bernstein has composed a score well suited to the theme. There is sardonic humor in the delinquents' plaintive *Gee, Officer Krupke,* and superior schmaltz for the star-crossed lovers in *Maria* and *I Have a Love.* But the best of Bernstein's music is written as an accompaniment to Robbins' brilliant staging of the story in terms of significant *movement* — whether you call it ballet, straight dancing, or the constant, restless writhings of hair-triggered nerves about to explode into raw and violent action. At the Winter Garden, 1634 Broadway, NYC.

•

Look Back in Anger is a first play by John Osborne, an English writer who has a crisp feeling for words and the knack of driving them home with his bare fist. His hero, Jimmy Porter, is the prototype of all the rebellious postwar intellectuals who have been nervously pigeonholed in literary circles as "angry young men." Jimmy is teed off enough for half a dozen of them. Somewhere in the Midlands, he shares a sleazy attic apartment with his wife and a pal who helps him run a candy shop: after selling bonbons from 9 to 5, and all day Sunday, Jimmy's voice is raised in interminable protest against the shibboleths of a smug and apathetic world. Nothing political, mind you; he's just restless and resentful and incredibly articulate, and he wants everyone to know it. When Osborne's hero is not breathing fire at sacred cows, he is making life miserable for his patient wife, who unaccountably adores him; for his pal, who admires his eloquence; and for the "nice" girl, who is crazy enough to walk into his life when Jimmy's wife walks out. There are moments when you wish that one of his victims (expertly played by Mary Ure, Alan Bates and Vivienne Drummond, respectively) would cram the *London Times* down his throat, but these mo-

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ments pass. As portrayed by a brilliant actor named Kenneth Haigh, this angry young man is a vital and fascinating product of his times. But most important, he is conceived in Osborne's own deep anger, and born to dialog that fairly crackles with invective, wit and the triumphant hallelujah of being alive. At the Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St., NYC.

BOOKS

Six characters in search of sobriety are the major dramatis personnae of ***The Twelfth Step*** (Scribner's, $4.95), by Thomas Randall, a pseudonymous first novel of close to 600 pages filled with drunkenness, paraldehyde, loneliness, booze, despair, vice, drunkenness, abortion, seduction, drunkenness, love, rage, hate, drunkenness, booze, sickness, depravity, more booze, more drunkenness —and throughout, the heroic and anonymous (natch) work of Alcoholics Anonymous, whose 12 steps to sobriety do rescue most of the book's initially helpless sots. The writing is impassioned, wooden and unbelievable, but despite this fact the net effect on the reader—perhaps because morbid interest can sustain the attention over the duller passages—is one of growing concern and involvement. Because no harrowing detail is spared, and because the author is himself an alcoholic (in AA's book there's no such thing as an ex-alcoholic: if you've got the sickness you can arrest it permanently by never taking a drink, but you can't cure it), a true sense of the horrors and triumphs of fighting dypsomania emerges from the volume. We have before us a list of 19 previous fictional and biographical excursions into alcoholism. None achieves the unself-pitying, unromanticized, understanding but never self-justifying insight of *The Twelfth Step.*

•

The Book of the Earth (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $12.50) is the fourth and final volume of a series edited by our own A. C. Spectorsky (when does this guy sleep?). Like its three predecessors—which concern themselves with Sea, Mountains, Sky—*Earth* attempts to present, in anthology form, the best writing of the ages on its topic. Like its forerunners, too, it's fat and handsome, heavily illustrated, and ranges further than the limitations of its single theme might lead one to suspect. The scope is from the classics to the moderns, from scientific inquiry to mystical rumination, from profound philosophizing to humor. The editor's annotations and commentary help to unify the whole. A nifty gifty for the fireside prosetaster.

•

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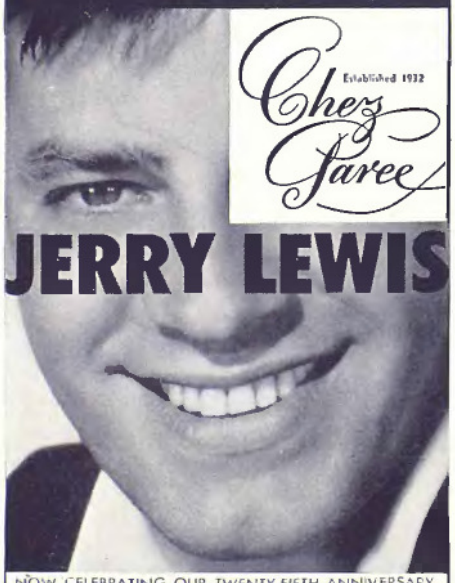

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Diversions (Harper, $3.95) provides a treasure trough for your wallowing pleasure. This wonderfully balanced collection of his writings and drawings delivers great chunks of the master: short stories, essays, straight reporting and here and there, a serious piece. "If my other books are lost or burned," Thurber states, "this one will represent well enough what I have been up to since I came of age, roughly about 20 years ago." Readers who like to laugh and know how to think will agree that this is choice Thurber.

•

In all probability, the half million and more souls who bought Ayn Rand's *The Fountainhead* will now devour her ***Atlas Shrugged*** (Random House, $6.95). Though the background and characters are completely different, the theme is the same—and to a rationalist it is a beguiling one: that those who believe in reality believe in themselves and live for themselves, without sacrificing to any man or asking any man to sacrifice for them; and that this is morally right. Their happiness and successful way of life is threatened only when they allow themselves to become the victims of those who would exploit them—the people who cannot or will not create for themselves and who exist only by courtesy of those who can and do. These are the ones who recognize the Communist thesis of "From each according to his ability; to each according to his need." This idea is abhorrent to Miss Rand, as she makes abundantly clear in a novel that's longer than the Bible. The background is big business—Taggart Transcontinental, Rearden Steel, D'Anconia Copper. The characters are either giants or moral pygmies—the doers and creators, or the looters who batten on them. Finally there is "the destroyer," who lures away, one at a time (and no one knows whither; they simply disappear), all the creators, composers, men and women of ability who think and work for themselves. In the resulting chaos we have as exciting a denouement as any mystery fan could demand. Before then, however, we have the three loves of Dagny Taggart, each of them an individual worthy of her steel (or in this case, her Railroad, which is as fundamental a love with her). She stands with one of them to fight both the looters and the destroyer, until she is made to realize that the destroyer has always been unequivocally on her side. There is no lack of drama here—even melodrama, if you wish—and there is also sex, philosophy, a tremendous vitality, and an ethical position that makes the reader either a passionate defender or an equally passionate vilifier of this monster-sized book.

•

For sheer magnificence of appearance, authority of text and completeness of coverage, we've yet to see anything even

the scotch mist

...merriest *moor* this side of *heather*

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approaching ***The Noble Grapes and the Great Wines of France,*** by Andre L. Simon (McGraw-Hill, $15). We are among that segment of the American population which holds the view that you don't *have* to know the pedigree of every grape that goes into your glass of vino, that there's no cause to blush if you can't reel off the best years for Clos de la Commaraine, and that it's your privilege to like New York State champagnes. But we also hold that the study—and the drinking—of the noble vintages of France are richly rewarding, and we can't think of a better, handsomer guide to both than this volume.

•

Three yok-studded tomes from over the waves deserve your delighted attention: cartoonist Ronald Searle's outrageously funny ***Merry England, Etc.*** (Knopf, $3.95), in which this Britisher's madly satirical pen whacks away at most every institution, manner and moral held dear by man or beast; and a grotesque gallery of guffaws awaits the reader on every page . . . British bred, too, is the pungent ***The Pick of Punch*** (Dutton, $4.95), a loony yearbook crammed, as always, with spoofs, take-offs, mockeries, mutterings and cartoons from the volatile brains of such *Punch* drunk regulars as Paul Dehn, Alex Atkinson, Claud Cockburn and, of course, Ronald Searle . . . From the Continent comes ***C'est La Vie: The Best of Chaval*** (Citadel, $2.95), the first collection of France's top cartoonist to reach our shores. Usually eschewing the crutch of a caption, Chaval's bubbling wit spills over the dikes of sanity and floods the reader with a merrily oddball look at *La Vie*. All or any of the three volumes would make winning Christmas gifts.

DINING-DRINKING

Chicago's loftiest oasis is ***The Top of the Rock*** (corner of Michigan and Randolph). Its name inspired by the Gibraltar emblem of the Prudential Insurance Company whose 41-story building (the Windy City's tallest) it tops, this towering tavern offers little more than comfy, low-slung seats and music by a shrinking violet named Muzak; but ah, that view! At night, Chicago surrounds one like a blanket of black velvet on which are displayed myriad intricate, intertwining necklaces of light. The Rock opens every day (save Sunday) at 11:30 A.M., serves luncheon till 3:00 P.M. and hors d'oeuvres for the bibbers between 5:00 P.M. and 8:00, then closes up tight at midnight. All drinks cost a buck.

•

The customers at Kansas City's ***Golden Ox*** (1600 Genesee) are nearly as broad of beam as they are of hat brim—for a

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Why Don Juan was weary and wan!

Poor Don Juan
Was not so hot,
Although they say
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You've heard of him and
What he'd do,
But what those women
Would put him through!
Up the trellis
And climb the wall,
Over the roof
To have a ball!
Through the window,
Across the floor,
He was so tired
He'd start—to snore!
Poor Don Juan,
His aching back!
He worked so hard
To hit the sack!
Too much trellis
And too many walls,
Too many roofs
And too many falls,
Too many windows
That slammed on his feet
And too many beds
Where he fell asleep!
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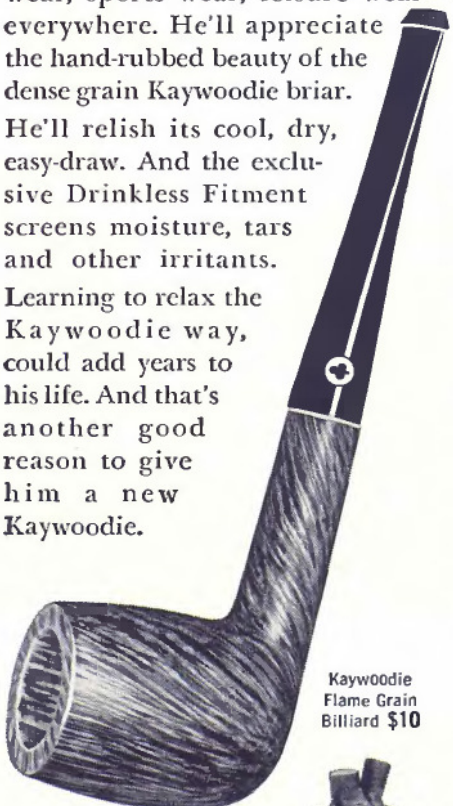

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reason. They gobble up between 12 and 15 tons of sirloin a month there, said to be the best beef west of the Appalachian trough. It is. Podner Paul Robinson, a University of Chicago graduate, is the capable driver of the Ox, and he offered us a couple of good, sensible reasons why the place is such a prime success. First, Paul pointed out, the Ox is located in the K. C. stockyards, so cattle buyers and judges (they eat there too) keep a mean eye peeled for the aristocracy of cattledom. Second, and here Paul's voice dropped to a whisper, "the real secret is ageing—we give all our beef five weeks at a special temperature, at a special humidity." Not even three additional Beefeater cocktails would get us any more secrets, so we embarked on a Golden Ox salad, a 10-ounce Idaho baked potato, a 15-ounce blood-red, hickory-charcoaled sirloin, followed by pastries, coffee and a flaming cordial called Paul's Inferno. Guzzling in the Cowtown Bar starts promptly at 8:00 A.M., grub is served from 11:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Monday through Saturday, and on Sundays from noon to 8:00 P.M. The redeye gets shut off at midnight.

FILMS

William Brinkley's novel. ***Don't Go Near the Water*** *(Playboy After Hours,* September 1956), dealt with the idyllic and often funny carryings-on of naval P. R. men on a Pacific isle during the last war. The movie made from it boasts yet an added fillip: a method of sluicing four-letter words in the dialog without actually mouthing them. Each time one of the forbidden expletives is about to be uttered by a certain incorrigible gob, a beep on the sound track is substituted. The audience, of course, supplies the azure word in its own mind and howls. Certainly, the notoriety that will accrue to *Water* because of this special gimmick will outweigh any other the film might boast, except, perhaps, for some shots of black lace panties fluttering from the masthead of a battle cruiser. Besides these, there are Fred Clark as the skipper, a monument to suburbia; Keenan Wynn as a brash newspaper correspondent who enlivens the proceedings with some acrid caricature: Eva Gabor as a newspaper woman, who, being Eva Gabor, loses her black lace panties; Glenn Ford, who is as arch as all get-out as a salty officer; and Mickey Shaugnessy, the sailor for whom the beep tolls. The show's a lot of (beep) fun.

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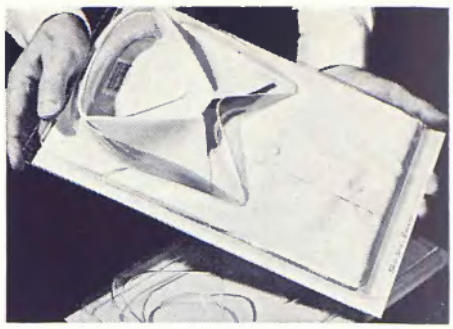
Director Mike Curtiz has grabbed a great, bleeding hunk of the mercurial Twenties and splattered it across the wide-screen as ***The Helen Morgan Story***. La Morgan, as you've probably heard, was



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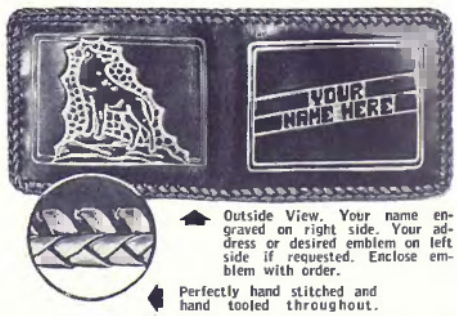

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one of the better-known prototypes of the To Hell with Tomorrow philosophers who passed across the face of that gaudy decade which followed the Great War. This film re-creates the philosophy, the lights and the jazzy brilliance of the era with style and flair.

Kicked out of Danville, Illinois, with a reputation as a shady lady, teenaged Helen hies to the toddlin' town, ties in with a kootch unit whose manager turns big-wheel bootlegger and is instrumental in getting the girl her first club date as a thrush. From this point on, a triangle is hewn involving the on-the-way-up chirper, the no-good rum-runner and a respectable, albeit married, lawyer. The three-cornered affair is unimportant, but it does serve as a viewfinder through which the camera can sight the complex intrigue of smuggling booze, the ruthlessness of gang warfare and the magnificence of some of the chi-chi bistros of the day. It also serves as the basis for a lot of cinematic name-dropping: such personalities as Florenz Ziegfeld and Mark Hellinger (impersonated), Rudy Vallee, Walter Winchell and Jimmy McHugh (for real) go through the shadowy motions of reliving events that have long been consigned to newspaper morgues. In the title role, Ann Blyth comes across with a mature performance (Gogi Grant does the off-screen warbling) and Paul Newman and Richard Carlson are her disparate admirers. Even though the cometlike rise and equally swift descent of the winsome waif with the wailful voice provides a story line not much different from the current rash of show-biz bios, Curtiz has added a knowing sense and sureness of period that ups his effort well above the norm.

•

Not quite so happy a bio effort is ***The Joker Is Wild,*** which purports to be the Real Life Story of night club gagster Joe E. Lewis, but is in reality a two-hour flick on the development of Lewis' act down the years. It fails primarily because Lewis isn't around to put it across and also because his material in the movie is laundered to Bopeep purity. Yes, some sensational biographical snippets are dumped in as filler—run-ins with Chicago hoods, an affair with a New York socialite, etc.—but a lot of care had to be taken with these "facts" so as not to stomp on sensitive toes. Even some slick acting by Frank Sinatra, assaying Mr. Lewis, can't save it, nor can the supporting efforts by Eddie Albert, Jeanne Crain and Mitzi Gaynor. The game's been fixed, and we advise you to take your business elsewhere.

•

The Cinerama camera ravishes the eye yet again in its fourth essay, ***Search for Paradise.*** The Big Lens hops the Atlantic, zips over Paris, the Suez Canal, and Persian Gulf ports, halts briefly in

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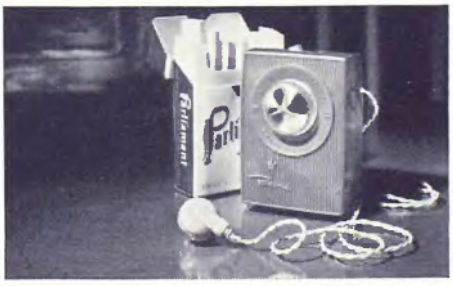

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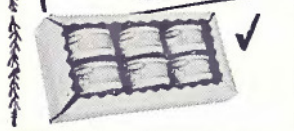

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Ceylon, heads for the Himalayan and Karakoram mountains where the first extended stop is Hunza (the inhabitants live to 100, so salubrious is the air). The heart-in-mouth gimmick this time around (taking the place of roller coaster or runaway train) is shooting the Indus River rapids. Glimmed also are the fabled Vale of Kashmir, the Shalimar Gardens, and other visual bonbons, but it is the coronation of King Mahendra at Katmandu in Nepal that climaxes the show and furnishes a feast for famished corneas. As usual, though, the ear endures much for the sake of the eye: Lowell Thomas, not content to let *Paradise* be paradise enow, dilutes the beauty and dignity of the sights with his familiar brand of sentimental mushmouthery and composer Dimitri Tiomkin, trying to sound as much like Ravel as possible, is seldom quiet. Enjoyment can be gleaned from this film, but it's like digging the sweatmeats out of an otherwise inedible fruitcake.

•

The Mystery of Picasso, a feature-length documentary from France, is a provocative study of a great painter's creativity. The painter is never satisfied; he reshapes, erases, paints over his original, transforms endlessly in a search for an idea behind the object; he is a true poet of the paintbrush. For H. G. Clouzot, producer-director of this unique exercise, it is a far cry from his violent *Wages of Fear* and *Diabolique*. Here, this insidiously intelligent film-maker comes to grips with a different kind of reality, the inexorable logic of linear form, what the art critic calls "the language of the essential." Stripped to the waist, Picasso paints on what appears to be frosted white glass as the camera records his progress from the other side, stroke by stroke. Short discussions between painter and director are interpolated to give us a chance to study the personalities of both men. At one point, Picasso asks for a larger "canvas," and the screen widens to permit this—as logical a use of widescreen technique as we've seen. Also, the sudden entrance of color, after several reels of black and white, dramatizes color in a way few films have yet been able to do. The results are stunning.

RECORDS

Of course, there will be all the obvious cracks from the obvious critics about Johann Strauss turning over in his grave, but to our ears ***Jazz in ¾ Time*** by the Max Roach Quintet (EmArcy 36108) is as thought-provoking and swinging an LP as we've heard in months. Years ago, to ask for a jazz tune in waltz time seemed like asking for a can of plaid paint. But in *Lover, I'll Take Romance*

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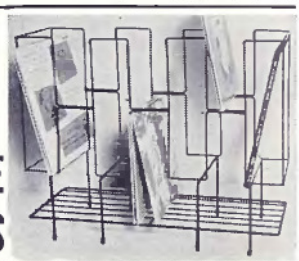

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and Max's own *Blue Waltz* and *Little Folks,* the ease with which a waltz can be swung, in ensemble or ad lib solos, is proved beyond a doubt by Max and his uncredited sidemen (for your inside info, they're Sonny Rollins, tenor, Kenny Dorham, trumpet, Billy Wallace, piano and George Morrow, bass). We can only find fault with the nailbitingly overlong treatment of Rollins' *Valse Hot.* In general, this LP is an educational gas, one that should settle (or start) many arguments.

•

Waltzes are everywhere this month. The first track on ***Mood in Scarlet*** by that elegant group known as Les Modes (Dawn 1117) is a chorus of *Baubles, Bangles and Beads* in ¾; pretty soon they revert to the traditional time, but on later tracks there are other exotic touches such as Chano Pozo's bongos and the wordless but never moodless soprano voice of Eileen Gilbert. The lady is also heard on *Hoo Tai,* which at times sounds like background music for a harem. The coleaders of Les Modes are Julius Watkins, who plays about as much French horn as is legal, and Charlie Rouse of tenor sax renown. It's a thoughtful, original and provocative combo.

•

Speaking of Les Modes reminds us that a new label, Mode Records, has crashed the jazz barrier with a flock of initial releases, the best of which feature such familiar west coast faces as ***Conte Candoli*** (109), ***Stan Levey*** (101) and ***Frank Rosolino*** (107). The distaff side is less happily represented by ***Joy Bryan*** (108), whose visage makes a comely cover subject but whose voice sounds inexperienced, and ***Clora "Gal with a Horn" Bryant*** (106), who plays trumpet as though she's trying to prove the ascendancy of the male sex.

•

Of late, Billie Holiday's taken a lot of critical snorts from the press, including a couple from us. But Billie sounds just great on ***Body and Soul*** (Verve 8197)—tough, bouncy and full of bravado, then wistful, lazy and kittenish on a richly varied assortment of tunes. Billie also has the benefit of deep-dish jazz in the background from a group led by the redoubtable Harry Edison on trumpet . . . We also took kindly to ***The Pied Pipers in a Tribute to Tommy Dorsey*** (Tops 1570), fresh pressings of a raft of T. D. evergreens, including *There Are Such Things, I'll Never Smile Again, Marie, The One I Love,* and suchlike. The perennial Pipers are a little paunchier than they were at their peak in the early Forties, and there's no Sinatra or Stafford around to take a chorus, but the group still sounds chinchilla smooth.

•

Via ***Bernie Green Plays More than You Can Stand in Hi-Fi*** (San Francisco 33015), you can trace the rambunctious career of

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Mr. Green, from the screwy sort of arrangements he did for the old Henry Morgan radio show to the familiar, tootling *Mister Peepers Theme*, plus every *meshuggana* milestone in between and since. Grandest, for our dough, is *Concerto for Calliope*, in which that sterling steam instrument vainly tries to tackle piano concerti by Tchaikovsky, Grieg, Rachmaninoff and others, but always ends up playing the honky-tonky circus airs it knows best. Rattling good top-fi renderings of such standards as *The Peanut Vendor, Ragging the Scale, The National Emblem March*, etc., round out this fun-to-spin, devil-may-care disc.

•

A group of gone girl singers—and one guy—trooped across our listening room this month, and all were afflicted with that dread malady: plodding tempi. Helen Merrill's ***Merrill at Midnight*** (EmArcy 36107) is bristling with lovely tunes *(The Things We Did Last Summer, If I Forget You*, et al.), and Helen's husky, sex-laden enunciation is a joy to hear: but Hal Mooney's scorings offer no pacing at all: 10 tunes in a row that drag on interminably . . . Another guilty girl is Frances Wayne on ***The Warm Sound*** (Atlantic 1236), a collection of 12 nifty ditties *(Early Autumn, My One and Only Love*, et al.) that make the listener think he should have been in bed hours ago . . . ***This Is Lucy Reed*** (Fantasy 3243) manages to toss in a couple of up-tempo goodies *(St. Louis Blues, No Moon at All)* in an otherwise lifeless package of ballads—pretty tunes, but pokily performed . . . The worst offender of all is Frank Sinatra on ***Where Are You?*** (Capitol W855). Somehow, Frank got stuck with Gordon Jenkins this time around instead of Nelson Riddle, and the results are woefully inept compared to most of Frank's previous Capitol biscuits. Again, blame it on a death-march beat and Jenkins' paper-thin arrangements, as moribund a mixture as you'll ever hear.

•

One of the favorite shrines of San Francisco's *nouveaux bohèmes* is a subterranean jazz club called (here's imagination for you!) The Cellar. The entertainment consists of a fusion of poetry and jazz, a crafty combination that might one day point a way for serious jazz to escape the inane lyrics of Tin Pan Alley. You can sample the early results on ***Poetry Readings in the Cellar*** (Fantasy 7002), which consists of translator-poet Kenneth Rexroth droning in a monotone his lengthy and wildly cynical tribute to Dylan Thomas, *Thou Shalt Not Kill* ("You killed him! You killed him/ In your God damned Brooks Brothers suit/ You son of a Bitch"), while a bowed bass, piano, drums, tenor and trumpet provide intermittent bleats in no particular key, with no particular chord structure, at no particular tempo. The

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flip side features the voice of lesser-light Lawrence Ferlinghetti getting off his chest an *Autobiography* (the first poem in English written specifically to be read with a jazz group), *The Statue of St. Francis* and *Junkman's Obbligato* to much the same kind of accompaniment. This is a shaky beginning, but a kick that deserves your attention. The admixture here ranges from the stunningly pretentious to the sadly obscure, but it is rarely dull.

•

Be warned: the *Poet and Peasant* overture is no longer a cornball relic of concerts-in-the-park. You are now the innest of the in if you appreciate its schmaltzy bravura and shameless sentimentality, outest of the out if you sneer at the thinness of its gold plate. So toss discretion to the winds and get with ***Franz von Suppé: 6 Overtures*** (Angel 35427), a beautifully blowsy, bustling batch of puffpaste that is comprised of the aforementioned *P & P;* plus *Light Cavalry; Pique Dame; Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna* and a couple of others, all evocative of *bierstuben, lederhosen,* meerschaum pipes, pewter mugs, handlebarred men and corseted cuties. Henry Krips conducts with gusto a group called the Philharmonia Promenade Orchestra.

•

Erroll Garner's debut date with a full orchestra on an LP, ***Other Voices,*** is at hand from Columbia (CL 1014) and a rich and charming package it turns out to be. Mitch Miller directed the ork, Nat Pierce and Erroll are responsible for the arrangements. The music ranges from oily smooth to glitteringly slick and is hardly calculated to do much for the old bunch that took Erroll to its heart when he was full of surprises and inventive zeal. But it's grand stuff all the same, musicianly and sound. We're saving it for background music at parties and to while away the time on frosty Sunday afternoons.

•

Louis Armstrong: 1923 (Riverside 12-122) is a wet-eyed reissue of ancient Gennett and Paramount discs Satch cut as a kid when he blew second horn in King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band. A popular misconception of jazz of that vintage is that the solo horn was as revered as it is today. Not so. Solos then were almost unheard of; the ensemble was the thing, so here you get an opulent opportunity to hear Oliver and Armstrong in tandem, along with such other titans as Johnny and Baby Dodds, Honoré Dutray and Lil Hardin, blowing such as *Chimes Blues, Snake Rag, Mabel's Dream* and *Canal Street Blues.* Jazz purists will turn handsprings . . . Solo Satch, circa 1947-57, is prettily packaged on a four-biscuit set titled ***A Musical Autobiography of Louis Armstrong*** (Decca DXM-155). Louis talks and tootles his way through 48 newish versions of a bunch of chestnuts he waxed with Oliver, his own Hot Five, Luis Russell's ork, etc., down the years. Accompanying him on most of the tunes is his current group, Trummy Young, Billy Kyle, Velma Middleton, et al., who can't seem to kick the habit of making music that is more florid than for-the-ages. Louis, though, is lovable, and if you tire of listening you can read his biography by Louis Untermeyer and an appreciation by Gilbert Millstein that are part of the package.

•

Room now only for brief mention of four truly worthy worthies that belong in your swinging-cool collection: ***Jazz Impressions of the U. S. A.*** (Columbia CL 984) features the Dave Brubeck Quartet in a most amiable and sophisticated romp, the happy result of (it says) a coast-to-coast tour . . . ***Chet Baker Big Band*** (Pacific Jazz 1229) lets you hear Chet's atomic horn plus the blowing of a star-studded assemblage of his compeers — it's handsome, big sound with authority and sonority . . . Relaxed, drivey and dynamic are the words for ***Vibe-Rant*** (Elektra 136), a platter which derives its name from the instrument of Teddy Charles, but is also notable for the trumpet of Idrees Sulieman, who several times steals the good show . . . ***Jazz Abroad*** (EmArcy 36083) is a happy international pair of gigs with, on Side One, Quincy Jones and, on Side Two, Roy Haynes jamming with some Swedish and American sidemen, the whole recorded in Stockholm in 1954.

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PLAYBOY

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fiction By BUDD SCHULBERG

THE BARRACUDAS

in the water, destroyers of the flesh lay in wait for this man; on the land, destroyers of the spirit

THE TRIM, SOUND 50-footer Lorelei was holding her own in the churning waters of the Gulf. Rolling from trough to trough, she creaked and groaned and refused to come apart at the seams. Gerald Millinder was watching his wife and the Skipper. They're actually enjoying the storm, he was thinking. He tried not to seem alarmed.

Captain Banks looked back over his shoulder to reassure him from the wheel. "Don't worry, sir, she's not splittin' in two. She's plenty of boat. I'll sneak her into the Marquesas before sundown."

The Skipper was lank and hard and the skin was weathered tight over the strong sculpturing of his face. Every move he made was capable, confident, almost cocky. Millinder, with his rather delicate face and a bicycle-tire of fat at the belt-line, was ready to hate him for his leanness and his grinning disregard – if not relish – of danger.

"Isn't Al wonderful?" Madge said.

Instead of answering, Millinder tried to smile for his wife. She was a strong, handsome woman of 30 who had had three children and eight demanding but not really unhappy years with Gerald. These she carried lightly, for she still bore a startling resemblance to the Wellesley lacrosse player who had made a lasting impression on some Smith and Barnard teams, and eventually on young Gerald Millinder.

In their cabin last night she had advanced the theory – with just a little too much enthusiasm, Millinder thought – that men like Al Banks were throwbacks to a more heroic and primitive age, of a breed with Eric the Red, Captain Morgan, Laffite and Bowie. "I wonder if modern women aren't getting a little tired of brainy men burdening their wives with their thorny intellectual problems," she had said, and then had caught herself, or rather, the pained look on her husband's face had caught her. Gerald had had a year of thorny intellectual problems and overwork. It was the first, faint rumblings of breakdown that had led to this cruise – doctor's orders:

"Gerald, there's nothing wrong with you but pressuritis. Too much of this tug of war between artistic conscience and family responsibility. The medicine for you is a month, well let's say at least two weeks in a different world, some place that never heard of book club demands and intellectual integrity and the strain and stress of creative work. You book fellows with your ulcers and your nervous breakdowns – the occupational disease of Homo Intellectualis."

"I can't help it, Lew, it's a terrible decision. A book club is offering me $35,000 for the new book, but there's a catch in it. They're asking for certain changes I know in my heart I don't want to make. But taking a year out to write a novel can be pretty rough on a family. And $85,000 is a helluva lot of money, more than I've made out of my last

ILLUSTRATED BY ZEKE ZINER

three books put together. I've got my kids to think about, and Madge . . ."

"I still say go away," his doctor had told him. "A week or two in the sun, I can give you the address of a place I think you'll like on the Florida Keys. Don't worry about a thing but how good the fishing is. I know you'll say you can't afford it, but think of it as medicine, and saving hospital bills. Then come home, rested, with a clear mind, and make your decision."

So Millinder had splurged at Abercrombie's, bought himself a long peaked fishing cap and some ducks to knock around in and a light blue fishing jacket and here they were aboard the Lorelei, dutifully "getting away from it all," just as travel books and practical physicians advise. Only instead of sun there was wind, and instead of fish there were waves, and instead of the second-honeymoon closing of emotional ranks with Madge, there was — well, nothing that Millinder could give a name to, just a nagging interior itch of strain and suspicion. In all their eight years, there had been no real schism, or even any rows serious enough to survive a single good night's sleep. What they hoped to find a cure for here in the Gulf was their sense of mutual fatigue, of love's having been carried away in tiny pieces by problem ants. Although she had had her share of delicate invitations, Madge had always shied away from the more literal forms of infidelity. All she had felt was a kind of private sigh — Oh, maybe it would do her good to go to bed with some nice, healthy male she hardly knew, someone who didn't get love all mixed up with writing problems and the ethics of art.

Someone, she had thought that morning — not seriously but merely as an example, as speculation — well, like this Skipper, Al Banks, a natural, lean-bellied, firm-muscled man, a man who was hard because nature was hard, and who was direct because that's the way life had been before it got all mucked up with too much civilization: progressive schools and child psychology and her friends' accounts of their sessions with their analysts and prejudice and social obligations and to what extent Gerald should sacrifice his principles to the needs of his family — Oh the sea was wonderful, let the wind blow hard in her face forever, let the boat rock, rise, drop, crash back into the sea, the foam-flecked, violent, primordial sea.

"Gerald—darling—are you all right?"

Madge was bending over him with a solicitousness that was faintly irritating. Damn it all, he wanted to be wanted — not mothered. He sat up straighter in the fishing chair into which he had retreated in hope that its exposed position in the stern might help to counter his panicky anticipation of seasickness.

". . . all right?" Her voice was part of the wind.

"Hell yes." Gerald tried to give the words a hearty ring, as if in half-conscious imitation of Al Banks. "How much longer till we get there? The Marquesas?"

"Al says he'll sneak us in in about an hour and a half. He's going to try a little short cut into the lagoon. Says he's never done it before but he thinks he can feel his way."

Madge's face was shiny with spray, and exhilaration. If only he could enjoy the violence of the weather. He wished she and Al Banks weren't so ——

"Gerald, are you *sure* you're all right?"

"Yes. Yes. Hell yes." He said it a little too sharply.

"You look a little green."

Well, he *felt* a little green. But, "I'm all right," he said. "Those Dramamines seem to be doing the trick."

"I feel wonderful," Madge said. "I love a stormy day like this." She turned her face into the wind and her long dark-brown hair blew wildly. She was wearing shorts and a sweat shirt and Gerald admired her long muscular legs, with strong calves and a pleasing fullness at the thighs from lacrosse and lots of tennis and a fondness for walking. He wished he had a better figure. He had never been very good at outdoor games. He could never find time for them. He had been a quiet, serious kid with a compulsion to work a little harder than he had to. Breaking in as a radio writer the summer he left college, he had forced himself after a few strenuously profitable years to cross the bar into that world where one must play slave to his own Simon Legree: free-lance writing.

He had worked passionately, religiously, and in 10 years there had been five novels, one of them a mild best-seller. Gerald Millinder had nine lines in *Who's Who in the East*, an honorary degree from his college, and a secure niche in the insecure bracket of "promising authors." But a pattern of all-night typing and an incapacity for recreation had left him jittery. There was a notebook full of ideas but little to draw on for physical confidence. He had driven himself — as everybody called it — to the point of exhaustion. Right now, for instance, his stomach awash with the sickening roll of the boat, he had only to think around the edges of his book club dilemma and he could feel tears coming into his eyes. First little signpost of breakdown, his doctor had warned. Where did responsibility to conscience begin and to family welfare leave off? Hell, the complexities of modern life, the compromises it kept demanding of you. No wonder this was a field day for those civilized witch doctors, the psychoanalysts.

Al Banks was holding the Lorelei's bow at right angles to the swollen waves, easing her down, into and through the sea aroused by winds blowing out of the north. Once in a while he threw his head back and sang in a not-bad voice a snatch of a chanty. The words were a lusty description of the buxom charms of willing maids, and he looked around roguishly to see if they were with him.

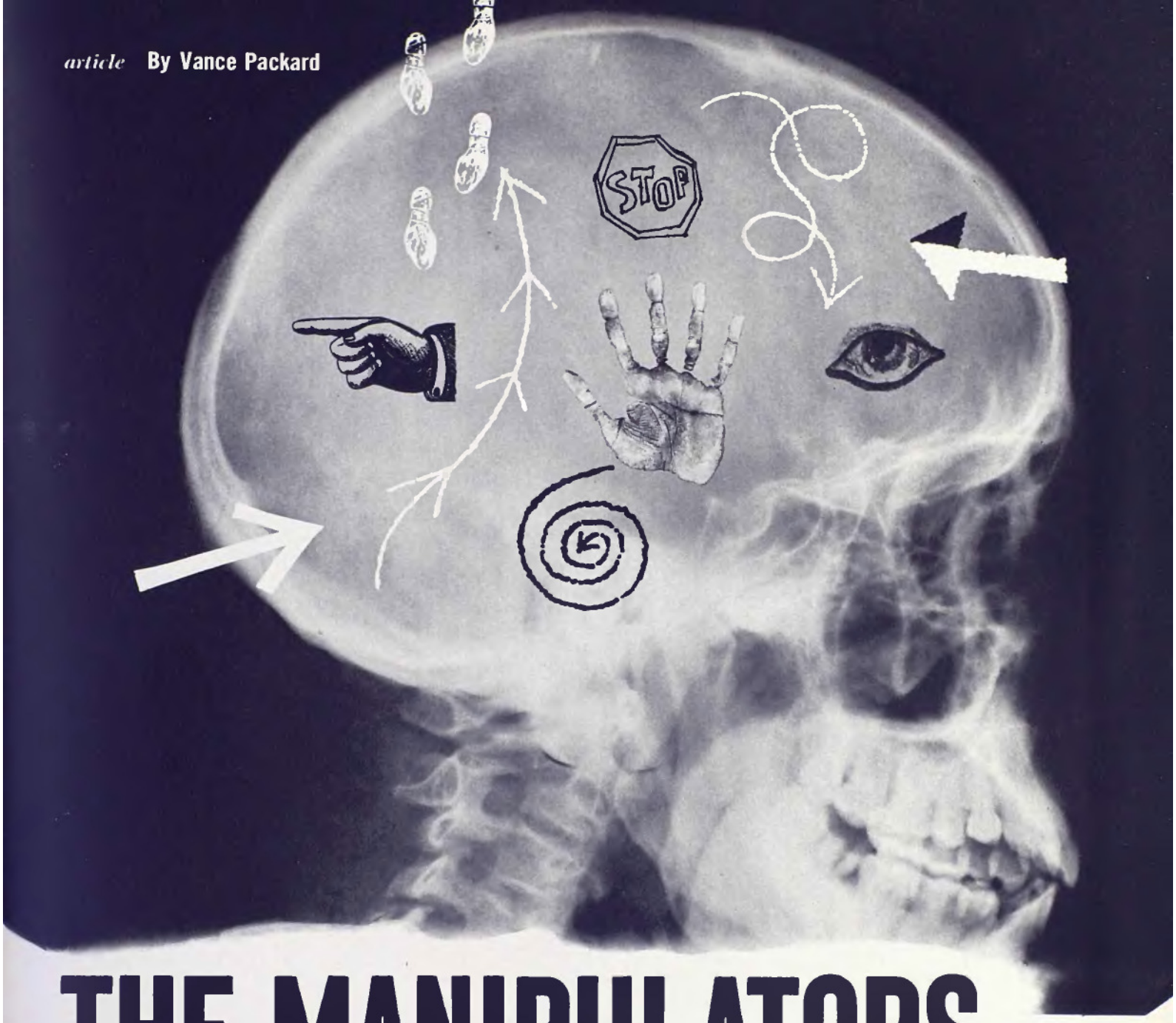
"Isn't he delicious?" Madge said. "He's been telling me the most marvelous stories. He sailed all through the Caribbean by himself in a 20-foot yawl. He's brought alligators back alive from the Everglades. He's even been a harpooner on a whale boat. He's done everything."

"Mmmhmmm, I can imagine," Gerald mumbled. As far back as he could remember he had been tormented with a fear of doing things. Physical things. He was, he knew to his regret, a sorry example of the atrophied genus *homo sapien megalopolis* — modern city man. He had used his right arm to push a pencil by the hour, to dial the telephone, to shake hands and hold narrow-stemmed glasses at cocktail parties, to keep a chain of cigarettes nervously alive in his mouth and to tip an endless line of cab drivers, waiters, hatcheck girls and doormen.

Madge patted him on the hand, rather patronizingly, he thought, and said, in the same way, "I love you." He answered with a weak nod. Why, at this moment, must she tell him that? Could it be a twitch of guilt for the attraction she was feeling toward the Skipper? Gerald felt impatient with himself for admitting such a thought. He watched as Madge went forward and stood beside Al Banks at the wheel. She stood with her legs apart and braced and it was something to see her standing there without holding on to anything and yet not losing her balance as the deck of the Lorelei angled precariously back and forth. Once the water fell away from the hull and the boat plunged downward with a resounding crash that almost sent Madge reeling backwards. She and Al looked at each other and laughed together in such a way as to make Gerald think, Somehow they're going to find a way to have each other, these two strong, fresh-air, physical people. And in any other society but ours his kind of man would have won her. In our brainy, shut-in world, women fall in love with our prestige and our Early American houses and our private schools for the children, with our winter vacations, with our evenings of hi-fi culture, with our *minds*. Not that Madge would ever think of it

(continued on page 34)

article **By Vance Packard**



THE MANIPULATORS

vanguards of 1984: the men of motivation research

IF YOU ARE a junior executive or middle management man being considered for promotion, the pleasant fellow sharing martinis with you – chatting casually about seemingly trivial, unrelated topics, ordering rounds of drinks until you become mellow and expansive and relaxed – may be a hired mind-prober, an MR man. That innocent-looking form you are asked to fill out and those inkblots you are asked to interpret and any other tests excluding the purely physical to which you are subjected will, in all likelihood, have been drawn up by an MR man. And it will be an MR man who will submit a report to your employer that could say something like this: "He has fine qualifications, good college training, excellent appearance, poise and agile mental abilities. Our analysis detected, however, a potential source of real difficulty: his concept of authority. He sees his associates as competitive persons whom he must outwit." And you, sir, are not only unpromoted, you are out. Out looking for a new job – answering more questions and filling out new forms and reacting to different inkblots and drinking martinis with other pleasant strangers who smile and laugh and chew olives while they secretly evaluate your college training, your appearance, your poise, your mental abilities and (here we go again) your concept of authority.

Or – if your concept of authority measures up – something else may disqualify you, such as the loving devotion of your wife. A would-be exec's wife "must not demand too much of her husband's time or interest" since "even his sexual activity is relegated to a second-

ary place," subordinate to "his single-minded concentration on his job."

Though having the ring of something that might happen in Orwell's fictional year 1984, this is going on in the factual year 1957. The stuff in quotation marks you've just read is lifted almost verbatim from two quite corporeal sources — an actual report submitted to a flesh-and-blood employer by an all-too-real consulting psychologist and a report by two sociologists on a study made of the conjugal relations of 8300 executives. The subject of the first report was sure enough pounding the pavements not long after the report was handed in. Whether or not he succeeded in finding another executive position was not recorded by the psychologist who made the report — a psychologist who, knowing which side his Ph.D. is buttered on, is engaged in the highly profitable business of Motivation Research, or MR.

MR is the new multimillion dollar industry devoted, as its name implies, to exploring the deep-down motives of people. These motives are explored for many reasons but chiefly to find out what makes a consumer tick, what makes you and me buy or refuse to buy a product.

A company about to spend $25,000,000 introducing a new brand of cigarette wants to know how the public will respond to it. Does the product have the exciting psychological overtones needed to become a crashing success? Or are there hidden reefs ahead, deep in the public's psyche? If so, perhaps the image to be offered to the public can be reshaped before it is too late.

It's no longer considered entirely safe simply to ask people how they are going to react. They may not know, or they may unknowingly give misleading responses. If you ask a group of males what they think of black as a color for a product they will almost unanimously say they don't care much for black. When, however, a woman appears before them in a black negligee they will respond more pleasurably than if she is clad in any other color. Most of them couldn't tell you why. The explanation is that while black itself is an unappealing color it is a perfect negative and thus makes anything next to it — or inside it — look good.

Then, too, people may not want to reveal their real motives for accepting or rejecting a product. Their actual motives may not seem admirable or particularly logical. One of the more expensive misjudgments in marketing history occurred in the early 1950s when Chrysler Corporation decided that the time was propitious for a more compact, easily parkable car. Many people, when asked, complained about the trouble they had parking the "big, fat cars" then widely prevalent. Chrysler spent millions trimming down the design of its cars. When the new line was offered to the public the company almost went to the wall. Its share of the auto market dropped from 26% to 12% in two years.

Thus sobered, Chrysler looked more deeply into the things people want in cars (among other things they are looking for a prestige symbol) and overhauled its styling. Today Chrysler has some of the longest, most colorful, highest-tailed cars on the market, and is enjoying a spectacular resurgence in popularity.

The growing similarity of competing products in the same field made motivation study seem a pressing necessity to desperate marketers. Often the real differences between rival brands of beer, tobacco, gasoline, orange juice were too subtle or slight to be persuasive with the average consumer. Since marketers considered it a matter of utmost urgency that consumers by the millions fall head over heels in love with their particular brand — whether there was a logical basis for that exclusive love or not — they began trying to infuse their product's image with personality traits consumers could love. Gasolines became folksy or lordly or prudent or playful.

As the nation's automated factories achieve the capacity to turn out far more products than the public really needs, the men in executive suites ponder less about problems of production and much, much more about the problems of persuading the public to buy more of their goods. This, of course, brings greater power to those professional persuaders, the ad men. Each year the amount they can spend in campaigns of persuasion rises higher and higher.

All these factors — the outpouring and standardization of products and the unpredictability of the consumer — impelled the ad men to turn in growing numbers to MR, or the depth approach to consumers. This year two thirds of the nation's largest advertisers had geared campaigns to MR. (At one of the world's largest ad agencies every single client product now gets a thorough checking over from the MR boys for hidden factors that may influence sales.)

In their diagnosing, The Manipulators of Motivation Research first study people in depth to find all the possible hidden desires, needs and drives that might be harnessed to promote the product in question. (One agency has even been studying the emotional state of women at various phases of their menstrual cycle in order to isolate the appeals that are most effective at each phase.) This probing of the subconscious is done largely by techniques borrowed from the psychiatric clinics. The doctors conduct "depth interviews" which are abbreviated psychoanalytic sessions, without the couch. One of their favorite probing techniques is the projective test. You are shown a vague picture and asked to comment. In commenting you project some of yourself into the picture.

One of the more picturesque of these picture-probes is called the Szondi, which assumes we are all aberrants. A leading ad agency used it on whiskey drinkers to find what appeals would be most persuasive with the real two-fisted guzzlers (who buy most of the booze sold). In this one you are shown eight pictures of men and asked which you would rather have for a train companion. What you are not told is that all eight are suffering from eight kinds of mental aberration. The man you feel the greatest kinship for, so the thinking goes, suffers excessively from the same emotional state that possesses you mildly.

These pictures were shown to men when they were sober and then again after they had tossed off three shots. A change of personality came over the men, the research director says, that "would make your hair stand on end." He has concluded that men do not drink heavily to drown presumed troubles. They drink for the exhilarating change of personality they experience.

Once the vulnerabilities of the public to a product are analyzed and charted, psychological hooks are fashioned, baited and placed out in the merchandising sea to snare the unsuspecting consumer.

Many of us realize, of course, that we are the targets of more than our share of sly blandishments, but some of us may not be aware of all the carefully fashioned techniques of persuasion being focused on us: in the interest of possible enlightenment, it might not be a bad idea to examine some of these techniques frequently used to persuade males.

One favored technique is to build into the product a personality which the buyers like to think they themselves possess. Thus, in effect, the product can become a self-image of the buyer. The promoters of vodka were able to send sales skyrocketing by convincing consumers they could, by drinking vodka, convey to the world how exciting and advanced they themselves were. These early vodka enthusiasts were mainly the kind of people who enjoyed ordering a screwdriver just to watch the eyebrows lift.

The sale of self-images has been most dramatically successful in the automotive field, where investigators have charted the personality of every major make. Buick, for example, was widely promoted some months ago with this line: "It makes you feel like the man you are." According to Social Research,

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"My gracious, Mr. Simpson — I thought it was a pillow!"

YOUR JUST DESSERTS

sensational sweets for the saturnalian season

UNTIL RECENT YEARS, the man-of-the-world paid scant attention to desserts. He was content to round off his meal with a wedge of ripe camembert cheese while his gentle companion munched her meringue glacé with marrons. Naturally, there were exceptions now and then when a man might have been temporarily overcome with the aroma of a deep dish apple pie or a warm brandied mince pie. But, as a rule, the male of the species was quite willing to grant that sweets were designed for the sweet.

This is true no longer, as can be seen during the current holidays when the land is lit with flaming plum puddings, cherries jubilee and creme cognac: to see how widely these food and drink desserts are now accepted by both sexes, one need only step into a gourmet store and observe guys as well as dolls loading their arms with sweet provender from the tiers of brandied fruitcake, baba au rhum, prepared crepes suzette, pears in creme de menthe, brandied apricots, peaches and dates and dozens of other easy and exquisite holiday morsels.

When serving such festive dishes, it's important to be aware of the bounds of good taste. There are still too many holiday chefs who insist on serving gondoliers made of spun sugar, goddesses carved out of raspberry ice, and layer cakes bedizened with fireworks showing Mt. Vesuvius in eruption. The lengths to which this old-fashioned kind of dessert can go were once vividly described by Horace Walpole, recalling a function celebrating the birth of the Duke of Burgundy. Walpole told how the Intendant of Gascony "treated the noblesse of the province with a dinner and a dessert, the latter of which concluded with a representation by wax figures moved by clockwork of the whole labor of the dauphiness and the happy birth of an heir to the monarch."

The simpler a dessert's appearance, the greater the skill and savvy which should be accorded its concoction. A man may have a passion for peaches. He may idolize brandy. But when he merely drops a few peaches into a bowl and then sloshes some brandy over them, he discovers that he doesn't have brandied peaches at all. He may have chosen the wrong kind of peaches or the wrong brandy or both. The liquor may have been so potent that it killed the peach flavor. The fruit may have been too ripe or too firm, too flavorless or too sweet. Today's holiday host buys his own choice of brandied peaches in a jar, slices them, heats them in a chafing dish, adds a little more brandy for gentle flaming, spoons the warm peaches over smooth vanilla ice cream and—*voilà*!

In buying liqueurs for regal desserts, one can select any good domestic brand when straight fruit flavors like cherry, apricot or blackberry are required. Naturally, elegant elixirs like benedictine or chartreuse are only available in their original imported form. For such desserts as mince pie or fruitcake, it isn't necessary to buy imported brandy. If, on the other hand, you're serving a flaming fruit dessert to a connoisseur of cognac, it would be better to use the imported product. For some reason, American whiskies have been unaccountably neglected for warming up desserts. Both bourbon and rye are actually delightful for flaming warm confections like plum pudding, date pudding and fig pudding.

The whole subject of preparing liquored desserts, especially if you're making your own modifications of a recipe, should be approached with a certain caution. One should be aware of the fact that the mere presence of liquor doesn't automatically create an exemplary dish. Peaches in port wine may sound fascinating, but the chances are that, if you've never tasted this dessert before, you won't be transported with ecstasy at the first bite. Maybe on the second or third trials, your taste buds will begin to feel a mellow afterglow—maybe not. Then there are desserts which may look very good, but which can be misleading. For example, if you should pour creme de violette liqueur over canned Bartlett pears, you'd have a luscious contrast of deep purple and creamy white colors. But the resultant mixture of flavors would hardly be happy. Some other desserts that have little eye appeal in themselves, like the classical plum pudding, can be extremely luscious in the mouth.

Flaming desserts will automatically be more pleasurable if served in fine buffet ware. You can flame desserts in an old frying pan if you wish, of course, but the applause meter will register much higher if you perform the same fire ritual in a gleaming chafing dish or a properly proportioned pan of copper (see *The Gourmet Bit*, PLAYBOY, September 1957).

One of the perplexing problems for the apprentice at the buffet table is the flaming dessert that refuses to ignite. To avoid this minor disaster, observe the following rules:

Be sure that the food that is to be flamed is heated and kept hot *before* the liquor is added. The liquor itself should be hot, too, if possible. If you pour cold liquor onto a hot chafing dish or hot saucepan, you should wait for at

food **By THOMAS MARIO**

least a minute before applying the flame. After the inside of the pan is aflame, keep it directly over the heat. If the food contains a considerable quantity of its own liquid, like canned fruits in syrup, this liquid should be largely drained off before the alcohol is added. The alcoholic strength of the liquor that's used is a factor in building your crater of fire. For instance, anisette, a liqueur sometimes bottled at 54 proof, will hardly contain the fire power that you'll find in kirsch or mirabelle (both 100 proof brandies) or in green chartreuse (110 proof).

Normally, in homes, a lighted match is used to set the pan ablaze. Professionals at buffet tables, heating food over an open flame, will quickly move the pan back and forth in a rocking motion, and the small spray of alcohol vapors will set the inside of the pan afire. With a little practice you can learn to perform this bit of culinary showmanship. If you've never served distilled desserts before, it's a good idea to rehearse them privately before performing them publicly. Some flaming desserts require considerable advance preparation before they are served.

The following spirituous mealcaps, both hot and cold, are each designed for four servings.

PINEAPPLE FLAMBÉE, COCONUT CREAM

⅓ cup milk
½ cup amber rum
4 egg yolks
¼ cup granulated sugar
Dash nutmeg
Dash salt
½ four-oz. can shredded coconut
½ cup heavy whipping cream
No. 2 can pineapple spears, drained
3 tablespoons brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter
Dash cinnamon

In the top part of a double boiler, combine the milk, ¼ cup rum, egg yolks, granulated sugar, nutmeg and salt. Mix very well. Cook over simmering water in bottom part of double boiler, stirring constantly with a wire whisk until a thick sauce is formed. Remove from the fire at once. Add coconut. Chill in the refrigerator until serving time. Just before serving, beat the heavy cream until thick. Fold the cream into the coconut mixture. In a chafing dish or saucepan, heat the drained pineapple spears, brown sugar, butter and cinnamon. When pineapple is hot, add the remaining ¼ cup rum. When the rum is hot, ignite it. When flames subside, spoon the pineapple spears onto serving dishes. Spoon hot sauce from pan over pineapple. Top with coconut mixture.

ZABAGLIONE

(You will often see this dish spelled on menus as zabaione. The wine should be the sweet imported marsala which is authentic for the dessert. Marsala, however, is not available at all liquor stores. A dark sweet sherry or madeira may be substituted if necessary.)

6 egg yolks
6 tablespoons granulated sugar
¾ cup marsala wine
⅛ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon ground mace or nutmeg

Arrange a double boiler so the water in the bottom part does not touch the top section. Combine all of the ingredients in the top section. Cook over simmering water, beating constantly with egg beater until mixture is thick and light. It will swell to about three or four times its original volume. Avoid overcooking, or the mixture may curdle. From time to time, while beating, it may be necessary to scrape the corners of the pan with a spoon to prevent a thick layer from forming. Serve while warm in parfait glasses, glass punch cups or any glass dessert dish. Zabaglione may also be served over cooked or canned fruit like pears or peaches or over light plain spongecake or lady fingers.

STRAWBERRIES SMETANA

1 quart fresh strawberries
2 jiggers maraschino liqueur
1 jigger Grand Marnier liqueur
Granulated sugar
1 cup sour cream
Light brown sugar

(If fresh strawberries are unavailable at this time of the year in your neck of the woods, frozen whole strawberries may be substituted.) Remove stems from strawberries. Wash strawberries, and drain well. Combine the strawberries with both liqueurs. Add 2 tablespoons granulated sugar or more to taste. Let the strawberries and liqueurs marinate for three or four hours in the refrigerator. Spoon strawberries onto serving dishes. Top with sour cream. Sprinkle heavily with brown sugar.

COUPE WITH BANANAS FLAMBÉE

2 medium-sized bananas, firm ripe
2 tablespoons honey
¼ cup pineapple juice
1 tablespoon butter
1½ oz. amber rum
½ oz. creme de cacao
1 pint coffee ice cream

Peel bananas. Cut in half lengthwise. Then cut crosswise into 1-inch pieces. Put the bananas, honey, pineapple juice and butter in a saucepan or chafing dish. Heat over a low flame, turning frequently, until bananas are soft but not mushy and liquid in pan has been reduced to a thick syrup. Add the rum and creme de cacao. Ignite the liquors. When flames subside, spoon the bananas and sauce over the ice cream in serving dishes.

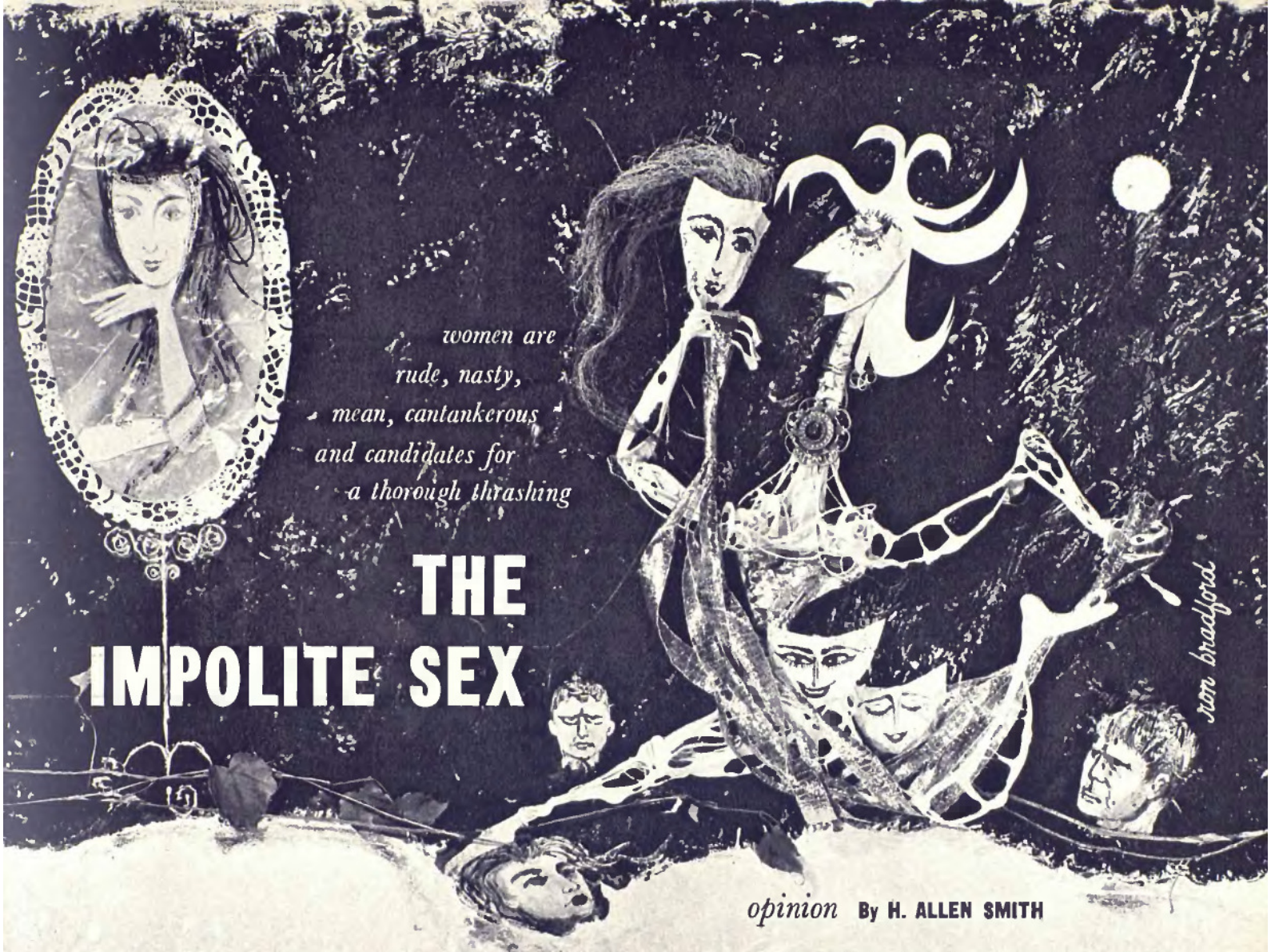
CREPES SUZETTE WITH B & B LIQUEUR

(Although the conventional crepes suzette are heated in a rather elaborate orange sauce, the recipe below is a simpler variation of the great French dessert. The procedure is in three steps. The crepes are made in advance. Then they are spread with jam and rolled. Just before serving, they are flamed with B & B liqueur. You can, if you wish, eliminate the job of preparing the crepes by buying them in a jar, can or in frozen form. The fresh crepes, of course, have a livelier flavor and better texture than the prepared article.)

¾ cup all-purpose flour
¼ cup confectioners' sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 whole eggs
2 egg yolks
1 tablespoon brandy
1¼ cup milk
Salad oil
Strawberry or raspberry jam for filling
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
½ cup B & B liqueur

Sift flour, sugar and salt. In a separate bowl combine the whole eggs, egg yolks, brandy, milk and 2 tablespoons salad oil. Beat well with a rotary egg beater or wire whisk. Combine liquid and dry ingredients, and beat well. Strain the batter through a wire strainer. Let the batter rest for one hour before making crepes. Lightly grease a 7-inch frying pan with salad oil, using a pastry brush or crumpled paper towel for greasing. Heat pan over a medium flame. Pour just enough batter (about 3 tablespoons) to cover pan bottom, tilting the pan so that the batter reaches the edge. When bottom is brown, turn over crepe with a spatula. Cook other side only until it is not moist looking. It needn't be browned. Cook crepes quickly, since long cooking toughens them. Continue making crepes until the batter is used up. On the lighter side of each crepe, spread 1 to 2 tablespoons jam. Roll up crepes. Place in chafing dish or crepes suzette pan. When ready to serve, add butter and granulated sugar to chafing dish or pan. Sauté slowly until crepes are hot and coated with butter, turning them as necessary. Add the liqueur. Set aflame. When flames subside, lift crepes to serving plates. Pour the sauce in which they've cooked on top.

The wearing of firemen's hats is considered extremely gauche this season. Avoid them.



THE IMPOLITE SEX

opinion By H. ALLEN SMITH

THERE IS A POPULAR NOTION that women are the polite sex and that men are genteel only because gentility is forced upon them by their etiquettical mates.

Bah.

Women are polite *only toward members of their own circle or clan*. A woman is polite to the guest in her home, to the members of her club, to her neighbors sometimes, and to people who have been properly introduced to her. But toward the stranger, male or female, her bearing is all too often that of a savage, mean, cantankerous, clawing, wild and unpredictable animal.

Thus she makes a farce out of the whole institution of etiquette which she pretends to worship.

Ferocious beasts of the jungle are polite toward their own associates; nobody has to be taught that. The primary function of any code of manners is the promotion of amiable relationships between *strangers*. And that is where the ladies fail.

Go to a Wednesday matinee in the legitimate theatre. Here the audience is at least 90% women, and let us not forget that these are the women who presumably wallow in the writings of Emily Post; these are not scrubwomen and fishwives and grisettes. Yet it would be difficult to find, anywhere on earth, a more barbaric gathering. The flagrant rudeness of a legitimate theatre audience on an ordinary evening, with a fair percentage of men present, is appalling enough; the unalloyed savagery of the matinee audience would frighten a crocodile. The ladies bare their fangs and walk upon each other and perform bruising operations with their elbows. They babble. God, how they babble!

One of our standard national jokes concerns the rampaging fury, the dog-eat-dog deportment, of women attending bargain sales. I, for one, fail to see anything funny about it. It might be comical if it were confined to bargain sales, but it is not. The generality of women whether engaged in clawing the shirtwaists off each other in department stores, or attending matinees, or driving automobiles, are under some weird sort of compulsion to knock down and trample anyone who gets in their way.

Compare their behavior with that of a crowd that is overwhelmingly male—a crowd, say, at Madison Square Garden on fight night. The men walk in and take their seats and watch the show and then get up and walk out. They are orderly about it and considerate of one another and if one man treads on the feet of another in getting to his seat, there is no exchange of nasty, hate-laden glares. There is polite apology and equally polite forgiveness.

The ladies, at this point, may think they have me by the short hairs. They know from the evidence on their television screens that fist-fights are not uncommon among the customers at boxing shows. I concede the point and suggest that we subpoena the cops and the ushers who work the boxing arenas. Those fights among spectators, they will testify, are not ordinarily engendered by partisan feelings for individual boxers in the ring. Nine times out of ten they are brought about by *dames*. A male customer seated in the vicinity of a lady permits his emotions to get so far out of hand that he utters a profanity. Whereupon the lady turns to her escort and says: "Pilsbury, I have been insulted. Get on your feet right this minute and clout that scum." And Pilsbury gets up and clouts, and the scum clouts back, and if Pilsbury gets his skull cracked it's his own fault for ever bringing the broad there in the first place.

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BARRACUDAS *(continued from page 24)*

that way. In fact, if she had been able to read his mind she would have been shocked, and hurt, and probably angry. What he meant was that his intelligence and little niche of prestige had given him the power, the opportunity to attract a woman like Madge that he would never have had in a less mental, more primitive society.

He dozed off into a troubled dream too jumbled to unravel or interpret, the toned-down ending of the book they wanted him to change, falling overboard and drowning and his youngest girl sobbing and Captain Banks and Madge making love on the deck. Then he was falling again, over the side and into a swarm of man-eaters. At the last moment he managed to save himself by suddenly waking. An abrupt lurch had almost swung him out of his chair and he saw that Madge was at the wheel, heading into the waves as Al had shown her doing fairly well although the pitching of the Lorelei was even more violent now.

Gerald felt as if his stomach was rolling up through his chest and into his mouth. Scraping the bottom of his strength and concentration, he fought down the impulse to purge himself of the impurities that were poisoning him. Hold me in, hold me together, oh Dramamine, he prayed, and he hated worse than the biliousness the sign of weakness in front of these two. Somehow, in the green turmoil it seemed as if the two strong ones standing upright were man and wife and he was the intruder, that despised outsider whose unwelcome presence makes a crowd.

Al Banks looked around at him and tried to cheer him up. "Nearly there, Mr. Millinder. Are you OK? How do you like my new mate?"

Madge was steering confidently and Al Banks, close behind her, was leaning over her shoulder to check the compass.

At what seemed to Gerald the last possible moment for survival, he was given a reprieve. Al Banks took over and was working his way into the channel. In a few minutes they were on the lee side of the island and the sea cradled them gently. The horizon had swallowed the sun and a curtain of mist, incredibly blue, hung over the lagoon. The only inhabitants of the island were a few herons who stared at them suspiciously. There was a small beach and Al Banks eased the Lorelei in as close as she would draw. After the anchor-splash there wasn't a sound in the lagoon. More closely viewed, it looked as if blue smoke were rising from the smooth dark surface. Fifty yards into the lagoon was a miniature island with a slender arm of sand curving into the water to form a natural pool.

Madge went back to join her husband in the stern. "Know what it reminds me of? That picture on our record album — *The Isle of the Dead.*"

"Half an hour more and you could have buried me there," Gerald said. He had held on and soon he would be all right. He unbuttoned his shirt to his waist, exposing his narrow chest and a soft white belly. He took a deep breath and thought about how the fishing would be tomorrow if the wind let up. He breathed deeply again, enjoying the fresh evening air cooling his throat.

"Madge, how about a drink? Then we'll go ashore and claim these islands in the name of the Authors League of America."

"I'd love a drink," Madge said.

He went below to dig out a bottle of 15-year-old rum picked up on the Keys. He took off his canvas shoes and his socks and rolled up the cuffs of his pants. He wondered if Al Banks knew what a lucky s.o.b. he was, no worries, no problems, except to match wits with the winds and the tides. He twisted the cork out of the bottle and gulped a mouthful. He felt a little giddy with recovered strength, an unfamiliar vigor.

He brought the bottle back with him. Madge was peeling off her sweat shirt. "Are you up to a swim?"

"Isn't it too late?"

"The water looks beautiful, Gerald. All velvety."

He took another swallow from the bottle and handed it to Madge.

"OK, I'm game."

His momentary euphoria flagged at the thought of having to explore the deceptive calm of these waters. But he had to keep up with Madge. With Madge and her Al Banks. He had to show them. He had to prove something to himself.

Madge put one leg over the railing, ready to dive. She paused a moment, to remember it. About 20 feet off the stern there was a splash, a momentary swirl from which a circle of ripples widened toward the boat.

Madge said, "Al, something broke out there."

Al Banks came aft and studied the dark water. He held a light rod with a steel jig. He cast well out into the lagoon and reeled in rapidly. He watched the water closely as the jig wiggled up to the stern. Following it in was a long, slender shadow that sensed the boat and knifed away.

"A scooter," Al Banks said. "The place is crawling with 'em."

"You mean barracuda?" asked Madge.

"Will they really attack you?" Gerald wanted to know.

The Skipper laughed. "Let me have a shot of that pain-killer and I'll tell you a little story."

He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"There's this fellow from Minneapolis, manufactures television aerials and stuff like that, who comes down every winter. Only has one arm. His left arm is off clean, just below the shoulder. When he hooks a fish, someone has to hold the rod for him while he reels in. Most people who come out with me, the last thing they want to hook into is a scooter, but not this joker. 'Al,' he says to me, 'all I want is to get me a barracuda.' Well, it's not much of an order down here in the Gulf. So we find him his barracuda and he reels 'im in and then when I swing 'im in over the stern this one-armed bastard from Minneapolis takes a club and beats the head of that scooter to jelly. Then he says, 'OK Al, that's all the fishin' I want for t'day.' Every winter the same story. I never asked him about his arm and he didn't seem over-anxious to tell me, but last winter we got weathered in for a couple of days at the Dry Tortugas and he got himself pretty well whiskied up and this is what he tells me.

"About 15 years ago he was fishing out here in the Gulf and something hit his line and took off in such a hurry that it jerked him clean overboard. He was under water fighting to get to the surface when something hit him like a buzz-saw. The Skipper finally fished him out, but as for the arm, well by that time a 30-pound barracuda was sitting down to a fancy dinner."

Al Banks laughed and helped himself to another swallow of rum. The laugh puzzled Millinder. It was not even a nervous laugh. He was just laughing because he felt good and because he didn't mind about the arm and because he liked to sit out there over a jug of rum and spin the evenings away.

"Then these scooters *really* are dangerous?" Gerald said.

"I wouldn't say so," Al Banks said cheerfully. "A thing like that happens, well maybe once in a thousand times. I've been fishing these waters since I was a kid and I've yet to see a man bit. Maybe if the scooter is crazy hungry, or if you're wearing something bright like a wide gold ring that flashes in his eye he might decide to go for you. But if you feel like you want to swim I'd say go ahead. I don't think these scooters will give you any trouble."

"How about you, Captain? Would you go in?"

Gerald's question had a petulant edge. Al Banks grinned disarmingly.

"Me, I never go in. Not even a swimming pool. I'm strictly a boat man."

Madge stared down into the black

(continued on page 50)

HAVE CAPE, WILL TRAVEL

How to cut a dashing figure? Don the cape, that ageless and venerable outergarment that has long performed yeoman service for the continental man-on-the-move. This jaunty model goes everywhere the gentleman goes—dueling scar and deer-stalker cap optional. Designed over 100 years ago for the rangers of the Black Forest, this bold breed of cape has not changed one whit since: it remains elegant, capacious, warm as a glass of mulled wine; lightweight and water-repellent, too, with detachable hood. Woven in Germany of Loden cloth, it's available in either Loden green (shown) or Loden gray, at $75.

"I dreamed I was removing your Maidenform bra . . ."

QUOTEMANSHIP

the young man's guide to a better and battered bartlett's

article **By Harlan Draper**

ONE OF THE MARKS of true urbanity in a young man who is making his way upward in the world is the ability to pull an apt quotation out of the hat at the appropriate moment. And one of the best ways to cook your goose in cultivated society is to come up with a boo-boo.

"As Horatio said, 'To thine own self be true,'" you casually utter, twirling your martini in your best debonair manner – and right away you have consigned yourself to the doghouse. That willowy Smith girl, who happens to have read *Hamlet* a little more carefully than you have, is going to turn her attention elsewhere. You have misquoted yourself right out of the running.

Beware! Not all of your offenses against proper quotation are going to be as obvious as this one. And some misquotations are so universal that you will make a very favorable impression by coming up with the lesser-known *accurate* quote. Some joker is sure to "correct" you, and then you can really pin him to the mat, in earshot of the succulent Smith girl, thus:

"There can be no doubt," your victim says, "that Bach is doing his very best in the Goldberg Variations, and that Beethoven is doing his utmost in the Diabelli. Granted, two giants. But what a difference, really, if you measure Bach's basic musical content against Beethoven's!"

"It can be argued," you say. "At any rate, as you put it, two giants. And between two giants, it seems to me, comparisons are odorous."

"Odious, I suppose you mean," your adversary yawns.

"*Much Ado,*" you say. "I believe Dogberry has the line in that wonderful scene with Leonato and Verges in the third act. You might look it up next time you're near a library."

The eyes in the face of the Smith girl widen and then settle on you with a warm and respectful regard. Fact is – she, too, thought it should be "odious." (As indeed it *should* be – at least according to John Fortescue, Christopher Marlowe, George Herbert, John Lyly, Robert Burton, John Donne, John Grange, Thomas Heywood and Cervantes, all of whom worked the line in somewhere, cheerfully plagiarizing each other. In fact, when that meathead Dogberry says "odorous" he is committing precisely the offense that you are being warned against. In this case, you have cleverly applied the art of correct quotation to the art of one-upmanship, and you have nothing to fear: your rival is now in a state of shock, incapable of thought or action.)

There are many opportunities for triumphs of this sort in the large field of quotation, most of them much sounder than the above example.

Shall we make a sort of game of it? Let's suppose that the following completely impossible conversation takes place between two fellows discussing a prospective conquest:

HAROLD: Listen, boy, I've latched onto a live one! By the sweat of my brow and a lot of diligent seduction I am proud to say that I have this one made. *Made!*

GERALD: Careful, friend. Pride goeth before a fall, you know. And are you by any chance talking about Joan? With the great big eyes?

HAROLD: The same. And I've got it made, I tell you. I *know* it!

GERALD: Oh, you *know* it, eh? Let me tell you something, buster: a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. It just happens that you have picked yourself the worst teaser since Lady Godiva. Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink. Believe me, not a drop!

HAROLD: You mean you've had a go at this dish?

GERALD: I have. Cold as gold, and as hard to get. With this Joan, you can take the word of an old pro, all that glitters is not gold.

HAROLD: OK, so brief me. Maybe I can follow in your illustrious footsteps.

GERALD: Well, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but in this case I'd advise against it.

HAROLD: You flubbed it, eh?

GERALD: Let him who is without guilt cast the first stone. Maybe you never flubbed one? But you're right – I sure flubbed it. And I tried every new gimmick I could think of.

HAROLD: Don't you know there's nothing new under the sun – not for a tasty dish like that? So what went wrong?

GERALD: Man, that girl is just too plain determined to hang onto her virtue. I tried *everything*. I even tried a few quotations from the Bible, to soften her up.

HAROLD: The Bible? That was sort of gilding the lily, wasn't it?

GERALD: Maybe so. Anyway, it didn't work. You know what she said? "The devil can quote Scripture for his own purpose." Dig that – the devil! Me! And to make assurance doubly sure, she threw a couple of passages right back at me, with chapter and verse.

HAROLD: Man, this is discouraging. Are you sure you tried all the angles? For instance, did you drop a hint about that inheritance you stand to get?

GERALD: I told you, I tried everything. That was one time I got the Book thrown at me. "Money is the root of all evil," she said.

HAROLD: But the thing is, did you ever really get in there and pitch?

GERALD: Of course I did – you're talking to the maestro, boy. One night the

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MANIPULATORS *(continued from page 26)*

Inc., which did a massive study of auto personalities, the Buick personality matches up with that of substantial, socially mobile people who still aspire to rise higher in social status.

In general, people who want to seem conservative, serious and responsible tend to buy dark-colored sedans with a minimum of accessories and gadgets, whereas those who like to be known for their dash and flair prefer hardtops, two-tone paint jobs, many accessories and gadgets.

Once the image analysts get a line on a few of the product-images we buy, they claim a pattern emerges which enables them to forecast how we will behave in other buying situations. I was having lunch with two Chicago psychologists who have studied the "personality" of many products. One of them said: "Now take the man who drives a Studebaker, smokes Old Golds, uses cream-based hair oil, an electric shaver, carries a Parker 51 fountain pen. Obviously he is a salesman, an active man, agressive in face-to-face situations and wants to make a good impression. Probably he was quite an active lover in his youth." The other psychologist added: "Also, you will find that he is wearing loud shorts."

Another technique of manipulation which has been getting considerable attention is that of offering people relief from their secret fears and guilt feelings. Millions of people, it seems, still have a strong streak of puritanism in their make-up and consequently have responded more uneasily than gratefully to many of the products being offered so invitingly today, especially the self-indulgent and easy-living variety. It still bothers such people, at a subconscious level, to smoke, drink, consume sizable amounts of candy or soft drinks, use ready-mix preparations or even use vacuum cleaners or power tools.

MR found that the cigarette makers were remiss in failing to deal realistically with the guilt and anxiety feelings, however seemingly buried, of smokers. They charged that the makers were not fashioning messages that played upon the core meanings of smoking. The selling messages most often used in the early Fifties either pictured smokers with dreamy faces or they hammered at the health promise that their particular brand would not kill the user. Pierre Martineau, research director of *The Chicago Tribune* and a missionary for MR, snorted: "I can't imagine a whiskey advertiser in folksy, confidential tones telling people to 'guard against cirrhosis of the liver' or proclaiming that 'a 10-month study by leading medical authorities showed no cases of acute or chronic alcoholism.' " He was so thoroughly convinced the cigarette makers were off base that he hired Social Research to study 350 typical smokers in depth.

SRI investigators uncovered a host of Freudian reasons people smoke despite misgivings about the habit. They smoke to relieve inner tensions . . . to find oral gratification (in a sort of substitute breast) . . . to give their hands a chance to do something familiar and well-organized (which contributes to a feeling of well-being) . . . to achieve poise when entering a strange room . . . to prove their daring . . . to give themselves a rewarding break.

The major discovery of the investigators, however, was that Americans secretly see smoking as proof of virile maturity. The report stated: "Americans smoke — and in increasing numbers — to prove that they are virile, to demonstrate their energy, vigor and potency. This is a psychological satisfaction sufficient to overcome health fears, to withstand moral censure, ridicule or even the paradoxical weakness of 'enslavement to a habit.' Young people who smoke are trying to be older; and older people who smoke are trying to be younger."

The investigators made the further interesting discovery that despite the great increase in feminine smoking in recent years people in general still think of smoking as proof of manliness and as a "man's activity."

The Marlboro people may have been influenced by this last finding when they ordered a sexual transvestism of their product, which had been highly feminine in its appeal. In this sexual flip-flop the new Marlboro came out with a bold, red-topped package which researchers found particularly appealing to men. Ads proclaimed the smoke's "man-sized flavor." The ads also suddenly began showing typical Marlboro smokers as extremely virile-looking men intensely preoccupied in a task and giving themselves a deserved break by smoking. All had tattoos — symbols of masculinity — on the backs of their hands. While winning new male interest Marlboro was able to hold on to many of its women. It called its new-imaged smoke: "A man's cigarette that women like too."

Professional persuaders found they could also increase their potency in selling products by playing upon our hidden needs. One hidden need which The Manipulators found in many men was for a sense of power. A gasoline producer, after a depth study, began hammering out the two words TOTAL POWER in connection with its product. This seeming need to give males a feeling of power helps explain much of the straining by auto makers to put more and more horses under the hood, even though by 1957 the stock models of many makes of cars could already go twice as fast as the highest legal speed limit posted in America (65 mph).

Various investigators found that many men see the power of their car almost as an extension of their own sexual potency. One Midwestern ad agency concluded, after some depth-probing, that one important reason why many men like to buy a new and more powerful car every year or two is that it gives them a renewed sense of power. The report said, "It gives the buyer reassurance of his own masculinity, an emotional need which his old car fails to deliver."

This male need for a sense of power has likewise been carefully weighed in the sale of power boats, which outsell sailboats with men eight to one. The Institute for Motivational Research, in a study for the boating industry, found that many men seem to use their boats to express a sense of power in "almost a sexual way." It quoted one man, an executive, who was depth-interviewed, as explaining in his reverie: "With a good power boat you can show you are all man and let her rip — without having the fear you are bound to have on the road." When the male sets out to buy himself another boat — whether it is his second, third, fourth or fifth — there is one thing you can be sure he'll want: a bigger surge of power than his old boat was able to deliver.

The sexual symbolism of products became a growing preoccupation of MR. Fountain pens have been appraised for their adequacy as satisfying phallic symbols. Convertibles were viewed by one MR man as symbolic mistresses, whereas sedans were viewed as symbolic wives.

At this particular season of the year, it might be interesting to contemplate how MR has even penetrated — via Freudian probing — as simple-seeming and wholesome a matter as the selection of Christmas cards. Yet it has not only done so, but it employed the most transparently Freudian symbolism in the assay. Designs bearing a female symbol (wreath) and a male symbol (candle) were used singly, in combination but not in contact, and with the candle inserted in the wreath. In a random sampling of buyers, cards with a candle design alone proved most popular with women, those with wreaths alone appealed to men, but younger buyers of both sexes were heavily in favor of the candle-in-wreath design.

A study of the problems that might arise if gasoline stations went self-service reportedly resulted in a cautionary conclusion, with sexual symbolism inspiring

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RIGHT LITTLE, TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND

seagirt sark . . . last of the red-hot feudal fiefs

travel **BY JOHN SACK**

SARK IS THE ONLY feudal state to survive in Europe. It is a fief; as such, it was given to a feudal lord by Queen Elizabeth I in 1565, and it passed from hand to hand for almost 400 years until, nowadays, it occupies those of Mrs. Sibyl Hathaway, a very proper, elderly, sensible British lady who lives in a venerable manor house there, and who chooses to be known as the Dame of Sark. Mrs. Hathaway, the Dame, is not only lord and mistress of Sark and its 500 or so inhabitants but also, in the words of Queen Elizabeth, owns "all of its rights, members, liberties and appurtenances, and all and singular castles, fortresses, houses, buildings, structures ruined with their fragments, lands, meadows, pastures, commons, wastes, woods, waters, watercourses, ponds, fees, rents, reversions, services, advowsons, presentations, rights of patronage, of rectories, vicarages, chapels or churches, and also all manner of tithes, oblations, fruits, obventions, mines, quarries, ports, shores, rocks, wrecks of the sea, shipwrecks, farms, fee-farms, knights' fees, wards, marriages, escheats, reliefs, heriots, goods and chattels waived, goods and chattels of felons, fugitives or pirates, or *felones-de-se*, outlaws, of persons put in exigent, and the forfeited or confiscated goods of persons condemned or convicted any other way whatsoever; also all forfeitures, pawnages, free warrens, courts leet, views of frank pledge, assize and assay of bread, wine and beer; all fairs, markets, customs, rights of tolls, jurisdictions, liberties, immunities, exemptions, franchises, privileges, commodities, profits, emoluments, and all the Queen's heredits whatsoever with every of their appurts, situate within the seas or seacoast contiguous or appertaining to the Island, or within its shores, limits or precincts, and whatsoever were held, known, or accepted as members or parts of the Island of Sark."

It is clear, I think, that Mrs. Hathaway is a power to be reckoned with in Sark. (By the way, the place is one of the Channel Islands, off France; it can be seen from the Pan American Clipper to Paris.) There are other powers in Sark, but almost all of them are chosen by Mrs. Hathaway and are collectively known, by many of the people there, as

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Ribald Classic

THE LOVELIEST LADDER

The first English translation
of a tangy tale
from the *Contes et Nouvelles*
of Jules Janin

I WAS ON THE BOAT with Bonaparte; we were going to Egypt, he and I, he a general and I a noncommissioned officer. We disembarked together, and he held out his hand to help me. Then we took Alexandria and pushed on towards Cairo across the desert.

How we suffered! There was nothing green, very little water because all the wells had been filled with stones by the retreating Arabs, only the distant mirage which made us think of cool lakes and increased our thirst. We passed by the pyramids with hardly a glance; we were interested only in getting to Cairo. At length, we reached our objective.

I was with one of the many small advance units supposed to take up strategic points throughout the city. Near the edge of the town there was a building which had a terrace along one side of the roof. Five of us climbed to this roof and found that we were thus provided with a good view of the avenue of approach as well as the cool shadow of a high wall. It had been six days since we had been able to sit in the shade.

Already in the distance we could hear the sounds of bugles and drums. A battalion of our comrades passed by, and then we saw him — our great general. In our excitement we jumped up and were about to yell *"Vive Napoleon!"* when suddenly a portion of the roof gave way. Before we could realize what had happened we were lying on the floor of what turned out to be a sumptuous bath house.

In the center of the room there were delightful pools of water and on the other side of the room 20 ravishingly beautiful women huddled together trying to hide their nudity.

But we hardly noticed the women then. We quickly threw aside our rifles and sabres, undressed and jumped in the water. It had been a long time since we had seen so much water!

When the women saw we were not going to harm them, they came forward timidly and continued their ablutions as if we were not there. Each one had a mirror in which she observed herself as she threw hot and cold water on her handsome body. When they became more accustomed to our presence they came to us and helped us to bathe. They giggled as they covered us with rose water, combed our hair and gave us cool drinks. They exclaimed over our white bodies which contrasted so vividly with our brown faces and hands. They whispered into our ears seductive words which we could not, strictly speaking, understand, but whose meaning transcended the barrier of language.

And so — while Napoleon was making his triumphant entry into Cairo — we, the advance guard, had fallen into a sort of Mohammedan Paradise provided with all the comforts and with 20 lovely houris to serve us. What a blessing to escape for an instant the noise, the dust, and the terrible heat of the sun! What a blessing to find all the fabled voluptuousness of the Orient!

Outside we could hear the steady sound of marching feet and the distant call of the bugle. We drank a toast to our less fortunate brothers-in-arms.

I have never been so happy in my life. In the midst of my little harem, I, a simple sergeant, was overwhelmed with attentions, and it seemed to me I was having my reward for all the fatigue and privations I had suffered since I had left France. I had found at last true oriental bliss and the exotic women who had been haunting my dreams.

The five of us were more conquerors of Cairo than Napoleon because we had immediately become a part of the intimate life of the city.

These women were probably the wives of wealthy men, and when they were in their bath, apparently no one had the right to disturb them, not even their husbands. Since they were in the habit of staying there all afternoon, we enjoyed their delicious company for several hours; but when it became evident that the afternoon was coming to its end, they made us understand that somebody would come for them, and if we were found there our throats would be cut.

But how were we going to get out? The wall going up to the hole in the roof was slippery from condensed steam. Outside the bath house there were servants on guard, and in case of trouble Napoleon would find out we had been with these women. We remembered his order:

Soldiers,

The people among whom we are going treat their women differently than do we; but in any country a man who outrages a woman is a monster. Any individual of the army who outrages a woman will be shot.

— Bonaparte.

While we were pondering this situation, we never stopped embracing our sweet companions and sipping the last drops from our cups of happiness.

The position was critical, and we would have been doomed had not one of the women thought of a strategy. At the moment when we had resigned ourselves to the inevitable fate of having our throats slit or being shot, she placed herself against the wall just under the hole in the roof, thus becoming the base on which the women improvised the liberating device. On her strong shoulders climbed another nude woman, and on her shoulders the young one I had just been caressing finished making the loveliest ladder ever seen.

Two of the men climbed to the roof, holding their shoes in their mouths. Then we passed up the guns and sabres. There were three of us left: Eugène, Albert and me.

"It's your turn, Eugène," said Albert. When Eugène had climbed up two of the women, he "accidentally" slipped slowly down to the floor in order to recommence the climb.

We kept urging him on. "Hurry, Eugène, it's getting late!" But he slipped to the floor again and sighed: "You go ahead. I am going to stay here. I don't care if I die!"

Albert then took his turn. He was such a handsome fellow, the women kissed him all the way up. When he reached the roof he had a change of heart and decided to return, but suddenly there was no more ladder — the three women had jumped down and were dancing around with us!

After a while, and after we had tasted a multiplicity of new and varied delights, the women, with tears in their eyes, made the ladder again. I turned to Eugène. "We must put an end to this enchanting foolishness. You go up first, and I promise to follow right behind you."

Eugène quickly climbed the ladder, stopping for a short kiss at each level. I kept my promise and lingered only for a long kiss at the top. Albert and Eugène seized me and pulled me onto the roof. At that moment, however, we had another problem. The young woman at the top of the ladder suddenly joined us and made gestures which indicated she wanted to go with me. I shook my head, and she threw her arms around my neck. It was the most difficult decision I ever had to make, but finally I forced her to go back down into the room.

We jumped from the roof and ran to find our battalion. The next day we returned, but the roof was repaired and covered with strong iron bars.

— Translated by Hobart Ryland

Napoleon's soldiers climbed up to the roof.

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND *(continued from page 39)*

"Mrs. Hathaway's gang"—the seneschal, who can be thought of as a president; the prevot, who can be thought of as a sheriff; the treasurer; and the greffier, who can be thought of only as a greffier—and there is a legislature, the Chief Pleas, but Mrs. Hathaway has a veto power. She herself is supported, in high style, by an intolerable lot of feudal taxes taken from the 500 citizens of Sark, who can be thought of as vassals and serfs: a tithe on wheat, a tithe on cider, on lambs and on wool, a royalty on minerals, a "*rente*" on property, a "*tresieme*" on property sales and a tax on chimneys, to be paid annually in live chickens. She has been called a dictator in the Chief Pleas.

Mrs. Hathaway's attitude toward this unparalleled deal of feudal power is a rather curious one, and can best be described by saying that she thinks it terribly quaint. She is, as I have said, a very proper, typical, suburban British lady, of the sort that sponsors musical evenings and literary teas in the United States, and when she is asked by students of medieval history or by other proper, typical, suburban British ladies, to tell them of some of the feudal laws under which she administers Sark, she invariably replies, firstly, that the Dame of Sark is the only one on the island permitted to keep a female dog and, secondly, that the Dame of Sark is the only one permitted to keep a pigeon. No one will deny, of course, that these particular laws are awfully quaint, even accruing to the well-being of the community, but, which is also true, a country can't hope to be adequately governed nowadays by these two principles alone. They are, if anything, the beginning and not the end of a body of laws; yet, whoever inquires further of Mrs. Hathaway as to the Sarkese legal process, or who looks into them himself, will find that everything else is chaos. The laws of Sark are three and four hundred years old; they are written by hand, and often illegibly, in English, French and Anglo-French, the language of Medieval Normandy; and the seneschal, who is not only Sark's president but its only judge, is kept in such a fine seat trying to understand them that he is known to blanch and get visibly agitated when a real lawyer is brought into his court. The seneschal, it would appear, cites most of the law off the top of his head, trying to bluff it out, a judicial procedure that leads to such interesting courtroom exchanges as this, a tax case:

THE SENESCHAL: Do you know on what your tax is based?

MR. SUTCLIFFE: No.

THE SENESCHAL: On one thousand two hundred pounds. Can you prove to the court that you haven't one thousand two hundred pounds?

MR. SUTCLIFFE: The onus is on you, sir. Is it money in the bank, plant, or equipment?

THE SENESCHAL: On capital.

MR. SUTCLIFFE: Will you define capital?

THE SENESCHAL: Only capital.

MR. SUTCLIFFE: What capital do you refer to? This is quite absurd.

THE SENESCHAL: I presume I can do as I please. I have every authority to sue you for contempt.

The prospect of a man trying to prove how much money he doesn't have, and of a judge suing the defendant for contempt of court, does not, apparently, strike Mrs. Hathaway as an undesirable one, and, on her lecture tours in the United States where she is introduced at women's clubs as "Mrs. Sibyl Hathaway, the Dame of Sark," she is ever delighted to say that the laws of Sark haven't changed since 1565, but that "we wouldn't have it otherwise, for we believe that they serve our purpose and meet our needs." Meanwhile, at home, the laws of Sark have reached so hopeless a state that it's debatable if Mrs. Hathaway *is* the Dame of Sark; a great many Sarkese are sure that Mr. Michael Beaumont, of 5 Whitepost Hill, Redhill, Surrey, England, is really supposed to be their feudal lord.

Thus encumbered with a crazy body of law that only makes sense when applied to the disposition of dogs and pigeons, the island of Sark staggers through the 20th Century like a man in medieval armor and, like him, it causes a rather terrifying din and electrical display when it runs into the revolving doors and high-tension wires of this modern age. Sark's collision with the electrical power lines of the 20th Century is more than a metaphor; it really happened, in 1949, and it shows the rather slapdash mechanism of the Sarkese legal process. Sark was without electricity until 1949, when Mr. Henry Head, a wry, stocky, enterprising member of the Chief Pleas, proposed in that deliberative body to have the island electrified. Mrs. Hathaway said yes, the seneschal said no, and the greffier was so deaf that he didn't hear the vote, which consequently isn't known to this day; at this, Mrs. Hathaway ordered the electricity company to put the poles up, the seneschal ordered it to take them down ("They make a heck of a noise when it blows," said the seneschal), and the greffier promised to get a hearing aid before the next legislative session. By now, as can well be imagined, the electric company was fit to be tied, and all was pandemonium when the Chief Pleas sat again. Mrs. Hathaway spoke first and was fast interrupted by a loud whistle.

"I don't think that's funny at all!" said Mrs. Hathaway, bristling, but the greffier hurriedly explained that he hadn't gotten the hang of his hearing aid. This experience with the manifestations of electricity was enough, apparently, to convince Mrs. Hathaway that the stuff couldn't be trusted for soon she was speaking against it. The seneschal helped matters not at all by recommending a vote of censure against Mr. Henry Head, who, it will be remembered, had started all the trouble, and the meeting ended amid unanimous catcalls directed, for the most part, at Mr. Head. The electric company realized, by now, that it's every man for himself in Sark; it put up the poles, electrified such theretofore inviolable places as Mrs. Hathaway's house and the Chief Pleas' deliberative halls, and has been making a healthy, illegitimate profit ever since. Meanwhile, Mr. Head, having been censured, went angrily the next day into the greffier's office and began acquainting himself there with Sarkese law, an unprecedented and absolutely perilous thing to do on Sark and, when the Chief Pleas sat again, he triumphantly told that astonished body that *it* was illegitimate, and that all its laws for the past quarter century were null and void. For almost a year after that, the Chief Pleas was thoroughly in a stew trying to legitimize itself—amending its constitution, carrying on elections, and writing desperate letters to King George VI, in his capacity as Queen Elizabeth I's successor, all the time keeping Mr. Head at bay by charging him the equivalent of one dollar and five cents hourly to do any further research into the Sarkese law books. (Nowadays, the members of the Chief Pleas have to pay 35 cents hourly to read the law.) When everything had been set aright, the Chief Pleas turned its attention furiously to Mr. Head, elected him Constable of Sark and Colorado beetle inspector, and told *him* that under the provisions of feudal law a constable (and by extension, presumably, a Colorado beetle inspector) is required to serve for two years and, without pay, as police chief, jail warden, district attorney, tax collector, harbor master, truant officer, impounder of unauthorized bitches, and superintendent of public works, roads and sanitation. At that, Mr. Head turned purple again and swore that his first act as constable would be to jail every member of the Chief Pleas; but the unchartable ways of Sark are shown by the fact that the only such to be jailed, subsequently, was Mr. Henry Head himself, the constable.

All of this had blown over by the time

(continued on page 73)

SIREN IN SEARCH

restless miss december is

looking for that uncertain something

PLAYMATE PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT MELFORD OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE SHEA

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

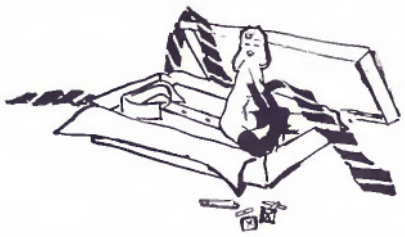
LITHE AS A CAT, a satiny, black, unblinking cat, and restless as a cat, too, is lovely Linda Vargas. She stalks Chicago's foggy lake-front streets, wanders alone through the labyrinthine corridors of the Art Institute, sits by herself sometimes in a club, listening to the muted wail of a trumpet as it weaves through her consciousness like a caress.

Self-involved and unsatisfied, Linda searches for a purpose and fulfillment that she herself cannot define. It is by choice, of course, that she spends much of her time alone, for Linda is beautiful and she knows how to please a man when she wishes. But most often she prefers her own contemplative company and the search.

Above, Linda pauses by bridge railing during a typical walk alone through the foggy night; below, she sips drink at piano bar at the Black Orchid, oblivious to everything in the room except the music.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The long-shanked, ash-blonde Hollywood starlet was grappling with the producer in his Laurel Canyon home for a full half-hour. Finally, with a supreme effort, she picked herself up off the couch, straightened her stockings, brushed the hair off her forehead, looked him straight in the eye and said, "Flirt."



We know an honest, if henpecked, husband who tells us that he really doesn't mind being in the doghouse as long as he can get his tail outside.

Tsk, tsk," said the unhappy executive, "I had to fire my new secretary today."

"How come?" asked the friend. "No experience?"

"None whatever," the exec replied. "I told her to sit down for some dictation and she looked around for a chair."

You beast. You animal," cried the young thing. "I'm going back to Mother."

"Never mind," said the guy. "I'll go back to my wife."

A friend of ours who travels by plane a good deal says that his pet peeve is the good-looking airline stewardess who straps him in his seat and then asks, "Is there anything you'd like?"

Janice, the cute upstairs maid in the Johnson household, came to her mistress with a sad story to tell. Janice, it seemed, was going to have a baby — out of wedlock — and she would have to quit. Mrs. Johnson, though stunned, came back with a game offer, for good servants are hard to find, and Janice was good.

"You'll do no such thing, my dear," she said. "You'll have your child here and we'll adopt it and raise it as our own." And so it was arranged, and everybody was happy.

But the following year, it was the same story. Once again Mrs. Johnson insisted that the family adopt the child and Janice stay on. The third year was a repeat performance.

When Janice came to her for the fourth time, Mrs. Johnson shook her head from side to side. "Janice, Janice," she said, "whatever are we to do with you?"

"There's nothing to be done, madam," said Janice. "This time I'm truly leaving. I refuse to work for such a large family."

The best way to approach a woman with a past is with a present.

For 20 long and wonderful years," mused the gentleman at the bar, "my wife and I were deliriously happy."

"Then what happened?" asked the bartender.

"We met."

The incident took place on the boat deck of the S.S. United States the first day at sea. A well stacked young morsel, out for a stroll, bumped into an officer as both rounded a corner. They drew back, apologized, stepped forward, and bumped again. A third try produced the same results. This time the officer courteously tipped his cap and said, "Just once more, miss — and then I really must go."

Hey, wise guy," complained the delightful dish, "what's the big idea? You promised you'd take me to Florida!"

"I said nothing of the sort," insisted her gentleman friend. "I merely commented that I was going to Tampa with you."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy five dollars for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"What sort of Christmas bonus, Mr. Worthingbeem?"

BARRACUDAS *(continued from page 34)*

velvet water that was dead quiet now. "I think it's getting pretty late anyway."

Gerald was grateful. He had not been able to stop thinking about the feeling of barracuda jaws ripping at his flesh. Unseen and unheard it was on you like *that* and there was your arm in its cold sharp mouth.

"It does look a little too dark," he said, as casually as possible, as if 10 minutes earlier he would have been eager for the dip.

After dinner they sat up for a while drinking rum and listening to Al Banks' tall stories of fishing and exploits of the sea. There was the time on a yawl when he was caught by 60-mile winds that snapped his mast and swept him a hundred knots off his course. And the time he was alone in a dingy leaking faster than he could bail and a 12-foot shark came up alongside to wait for him and he got rid of the thing by reaching his leg over the side and kicking it right in the face. "I know it sounds like a fish story but Mister Shark took off and never came back again."

"And you weren't frightened, Al?" Madge had been watching him with what Gerald described to himself as flattering intensity.

"Why be frightened? If you live on the sea I figure she's gonna get you sooner or later. So you might as well have fun right up to the minute they deep-six you. And that I have, Madge."

He had never used her name before and it sounded strangely intimate. "Everything I do is fun because I don't do nothin' I don't want to do. Maybe I do some things I shouldn't oughta do — things the missus would tan my hide for if she knew ——" He winked in a way that was winning enough to make Madge smile, though Gerald saw the gesture as overbearing and cheap. "Yes sir, what I always say is if you can't always be right have fun going wrong. Let every man do what he's man enough to do and if it hurts someone else that's his tough luck."

The Skipper was feeling his rum. Gerald noticed for the first time how small his eyes were; the pupils had contracted until they were the size of gunshot. Gerald didn't like the way Al Banks kept looking at Madge as he talked. It struck him — he was convincing himself as he thought about it — as a look of frank appraisal, of open invitation.

Around 10 o'clock Gerald began to feel drowsy. "Well, if the weather is with us we ought to pull out of here by dawn. What do you say we hit the sack?"

"I'm not sleepy yet," Madge said, "and it's turning out to be a beautiful night. I think I'll have another cigarette."

Gerald felt awkward. He wasn't sure whether he should turn in alone or sit it out with Madge and the Skipper. After a few minutes of forced conversation, he went below. Madge came down more than half an hour later. He had looked forward to this, hopefully, as a romantic night on the water, as a special adventure for them, and now it was spoiled. This was more like the tension they had had before they left Westport. For no objective reason and almost without any exchange of words, a gulf would cut between them. Gerald made a furtive move toward her, at once appeasing and possessive, and she turned toward the edge of the bunk until her back made a wall against him.

He said something to her, almost in a whisper, and she said no, she was too tired.

"You weren't too tired to stay up on deck for an hour."

"Gerald, *please,* if you mean what I'm afraid you mean ——"

"I don't mean anything. I just wondered."

"Just wondered what I was doing up there with him for 25 minutes."

"You don't have to put it that way."

"Oh yes I do. I have to put it exactly that way. I could see the looks. I could feel the righteous suspicion. For God's sake, Gerald, I hardly know the man. If I was the sort of woman who ——"

Finding herself caught up in the clichés of domestic strife, defending herself where there was no act, no case that needed defending, she lapsed into a resentful silence, first pretending sleep and then with healthy insensitivity actually slipping off into a deep, restful slumber. Gerald Millinder lay awake with his nerves and his fears, wondering if this was how a marriage dissolves, worrying about his children and the money-making changes that would weaken his book and the man from Minneapolis who had left his arm in the hungry jaw of the 30-pound barracuda.

• • •

When they moved out of the lagoon at dawn the sea was almost as quiet outside the atoll as within.

"We'll catch fish this morning," Al Banks called to them.

But after trolling for nearly an hour all they had were some barracuda, around five pounds apiece. Al would lower them into the fish box with the hook still in their mouths and slam the lid down on their heads to hold them so as to get the hook out without taking a chance of their catching him with their sharp teeth.

"Nasty things," Madge said.

"I call 'em the rats of the sea," Al Banks told her as he threw back a dead one.

"But you still don't think they'd bother us?" Gerald said.

The Skipper shrugged. "Like rats. If they're cornered or hungry. But around here there's plenty of small stuff for them. From sardine to shrimp. They ought to be satisfied."

"Before I took any chances with them I'd want to know for sure," Gerald said. "I'd just as soon not serve myself up as an extra little snack for some gluttonous barracuda."

"What do you want to bet you could swim completely around this boat right now," Al Banks said, "and come out the same way you went in?"

"Thank you, no ——" Gerald started to say, and then his rod dipped suddenly under pressure of a solid strike and he had to attend to business. As he reeled it toward the boat they could see it was another barracuda. "Just another small one," Gerald was saying and then something hard hit his line and the line went slack. All he pulled in was the head of a barracuda. The body had been severed as cleanly as if a fishmonger had whacked it off with a sharp cleaver. The decapitated head was still alive.

"Ugh," Madge said.

"Another scooter went for him," Al Banks explained. "They'll do that sometimes."

"Nice fellers," Gerald said.

They cruised north for a few miles and then turned west for another half-hour. Except for one small bonito, it was the same story.

"Looks like barracuda day," Al Banks said. His business was to find game fish and he always felt increasingly fidgety and mean when this kind of fishing went on too long.

Finally, after Madge had pulled in another scooter she said, "Why don't we go in toward shore again and do some bottom fishing? We can catch some grouper and yellowtail. At least we'll have fresh fish for lunch."

Al Banks despised bottom fishing and he never ate fish when he could help it, but it was their 50 bucks. He worked in toward shore and fussed about until he found a good place to drop anchor.

Gerald didn't feel like fishing on the bottom for small stuff. He wanted action, sport, heroics, the things he had been missing all his life with his nose to the typewriter. But there wasn't anything else to do and he'd just get more restless watching Madge and thinking too much, so he dropped a line over too.

They caught a couple of fair-sized grouper and some grunts. The Skipper's silence as he handled the fish for them

(continued on page 79)

THE LITTLE WORLD OF HARVEY KURTZMAN

a gallant band of amiable oddballs creates a hip and hopped-up humor

A SELDOM-SMILING, slow-talking fellow in his early thirties is the fountainhead whence gushes some of America's freshest and most frantic humor. His name is Harvey Kurtzman and he has been described by Roger Price thus: "He is five feet six inches tall and has a physique that is just barely noticeable and a long expression. In fact, Harvey looks like a beagle who is too polite to mention that someone is standing on his tail. This beagleishness has certain compensations — he is never ordered off the grass in Central Park and pretty girls stop on the street to scratch him behind the ears." He was the creator, editor, and chief writer of the satirical magazines *Mad* and *Trump*, and is now the creator, editor, and chief writer of the satirical magazine *Humbug*. He is the star of the first magnitude around which revolve the teeming *(continued on page 70)*

article **BY ROLF MALCOLM**

KURTZMAN

ELDER BY ELDER

DAVIS BY DAVIS

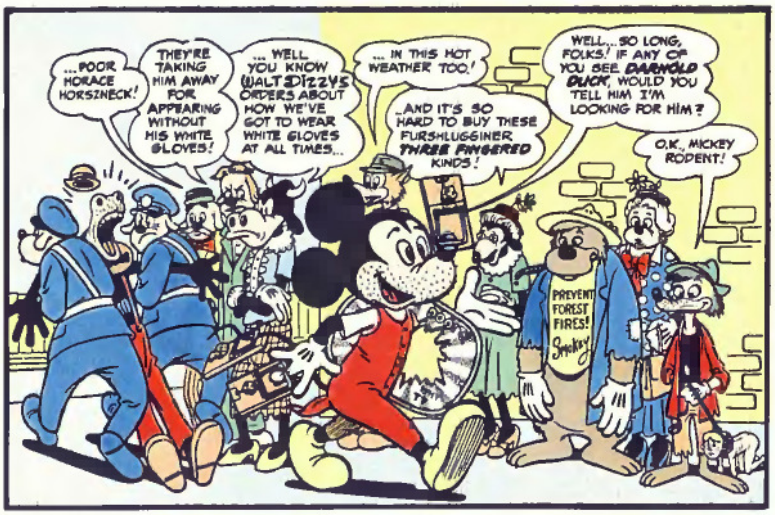
Lampooning a Norman Rockwell *Saturday Evening Post* cover, Will Elder depicts "A Visit to Grandma's," with the old folks beaming as the kids feed small animals to a flesh-eating plant. Surrounding the *Post* parody are self-caricatures of key Kurtzman cartoonists.

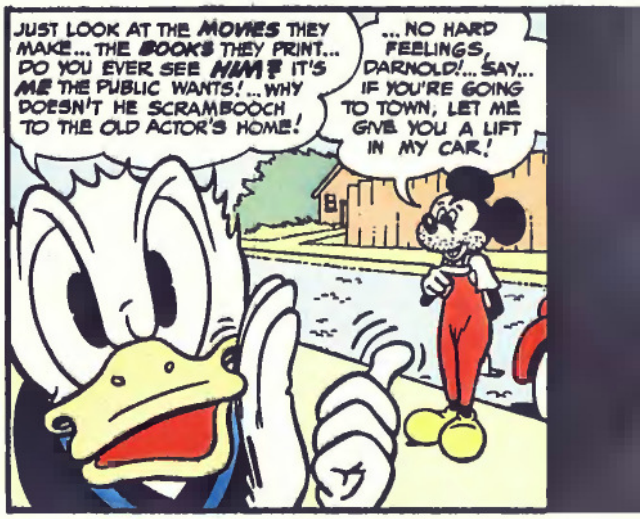
JAFFEE BY JAFFEE

ROTH BY ROTH

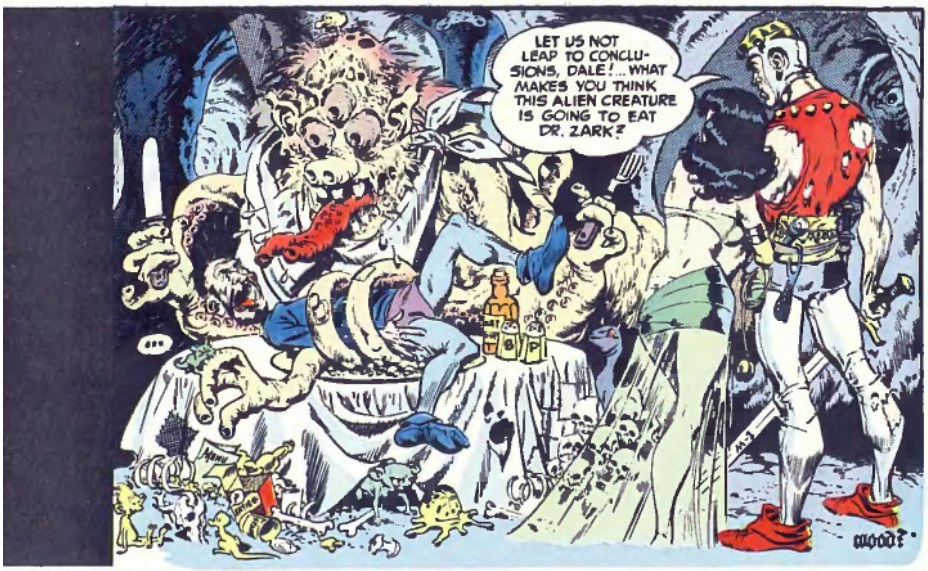
WOOD BY WOOD

KURTZMAN ON NEWSPAPER FEATURES


...POOR HORACE HORSNECK!
THEY'RE TAKING HIM AWAY FOR APPEARING WITHOUT HIS WHITE GLOVES!
... WELL, YOU KNOW WALT DIZZY'S ORDERS ABOUT HOW WE'VE GOT TO WEAR WHITE GLOVES AT ALL TIMES...
... IN THIS HOT WEATHER TOO!
AND IT'S SO HARD TO BUY THESE FURSHLUGGINER THREE FINGERED KINDS!
WELL,... SO LONG, FOLKS! IF ANY OF YOU SEE DARNOLD DUCK, WOULD YOU TELL HIM I'M LOOKING FOR HIM?
O.K., MICKEY RODENT!
PREVENT FOREST FIRES! Smokey

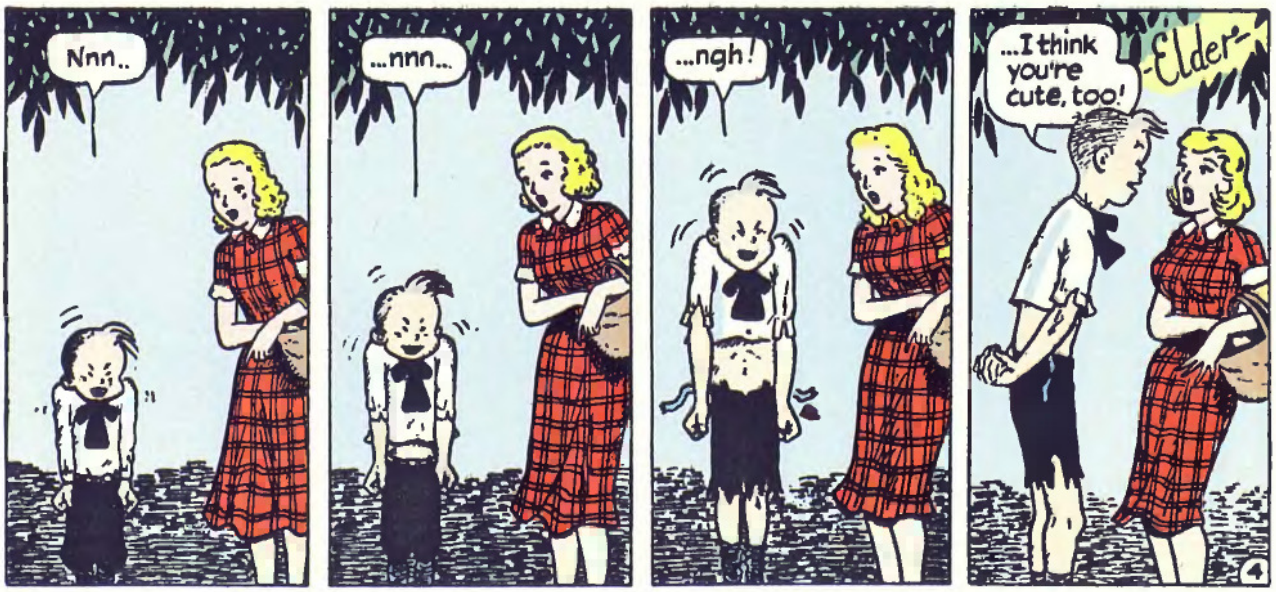

JUST LOOK AT THE MOVIES THEY MAKE... THE BOOKS THEY PRINT... DO YOU EVER SEE HIM? IT'S ME THE PUBLIC WANTS!... WHY DOESN'T HE SCRAMBOOCH TO THE OLD ACTOR'S HOME!
... NO HARD FEELINGS, DARNOLD!... SAY... IF YOU'RE GOING TO TOWN, LET ME GIVE YOU A LIFT IN MY CAR!

Mickey Rodent, by apocryphal cartoonist "Walt Dizzy," reproduced the familiar technique of the original with deft exactitude.

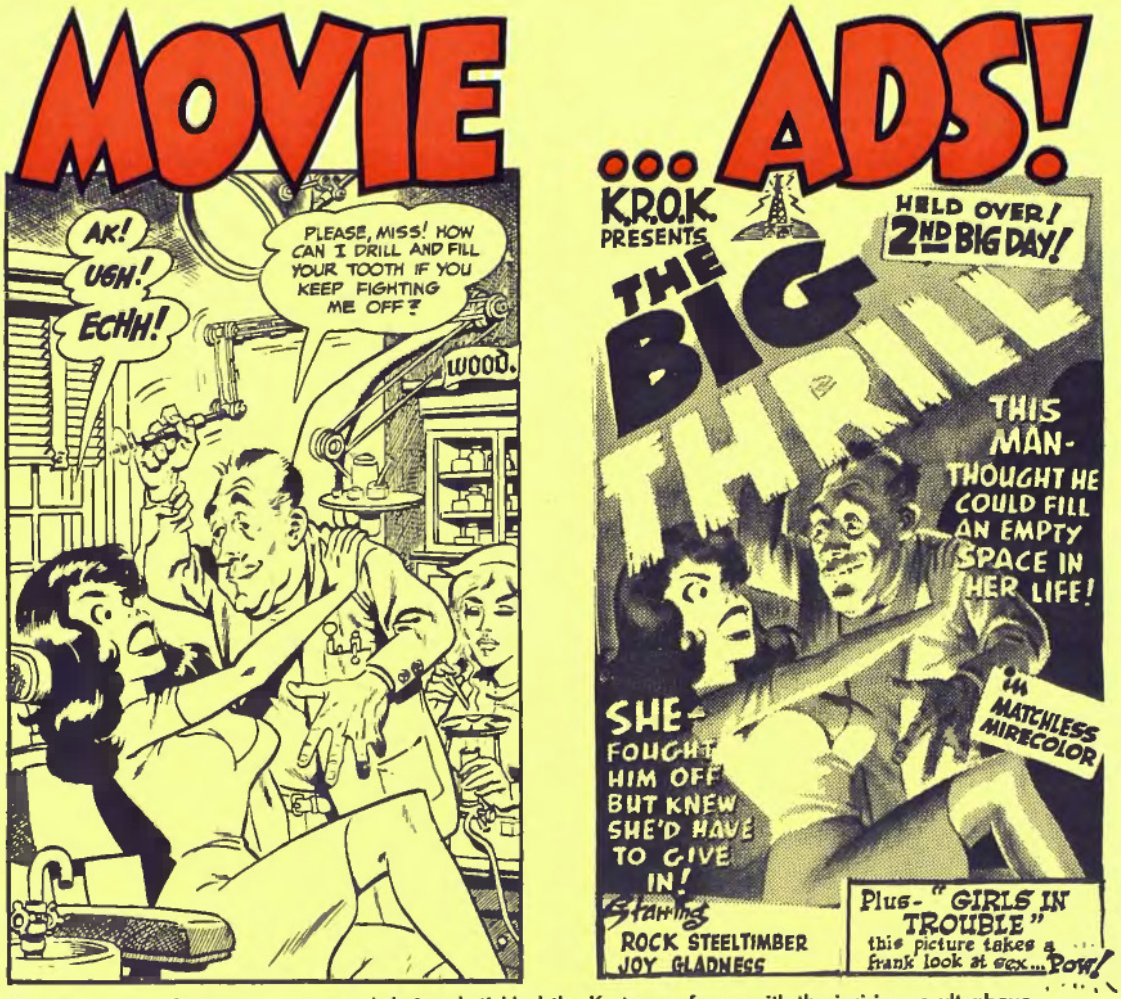


THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH US EARTHLINGS!... WE ALWAYS ASSUME THAT ALIEN CREATURES ARE HOSTILE!... I REFUSE TO KILL SAID ALIEN CREATURE IN THE BELIEF IT IS HOSTILE!... I WILL KILL IT JUST FOR FUN!
WAIT, FLESH!
YMC
.50 CAL

Outer-space heroes and their bare-midriffed girlfriends were satirized by Kurtzman in an adventure strip called *Flesh Garden*.



The "growing" talent of one beloved cartoon character was joshed thus when "Skizziks" caught up, sizewise, with his sweetheart.


MOVIE ADS!
AK!
UGH!
ECHH!
PLEASE, MISS! HOW CAN I DRILL AND FILL YOUR TOOTH IF YOU KEEP FIGHTING ME OFF?
WOOD.
K.R.O.K. PRESENTS
HELD OVER! 2ND BIG DAY!
THE BIG THRILL
THIS MAN- THOUGHT HE COULD FILL AN EMPTY SPACE IN HER LIFE!
SHE- FOUGHT HIM OFF BUT KNEW SHE'D HAVE TO GIVE IN!
in MATCHLESS MIRECOLOR
Starring ROCK STEELTIMBER JOY GLADNESS
Plus- "GIRLS IN TROUBLE" this picture takes a frank look at sex... POW!

The discrepancy between movies and their ads tickled the Kurtzman fancy with the incisive result above.

RIPUP'S
Believe It or Don't!
THE HUMAN PINCUSHION
GUNG GOHOME, Hindu Ascetic, WALKED IN THE HOT SUN with 50 sharp spear-like pins embedded in his flesh — to make penance — to punish self — but mainly to help wife who was sewing new veil and needed pin-cushion!
SYMBOL OF DEATH!
SACRED SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN SYMBOL, WHEN GAZED UPON, CAUSES DEATH WITHIN THE YEAR! TOO BAD IF YOU LOOKED.
MELVIN FURO of Banff, Vt., is a MARTIAN!
THE TALLEST MAN IN THE WORLD—
GALUSHA STURDLEY of Poontang, O. is the tallest man in the world. Note size of hand. (Figure on left is not Galusha but his father, Zane Sturdley)
GALUSHA IS HAND FATHER ZANE IS STANDING UPON!
Rrrrrrrrip

Credulity was strained in a well-known manner via this ribbing of Ripley.

KURTZMAN ON FOOD

If a magazine wants to show you how to boil water, here's how they do it.

We'd like to see for a change one of those faultless photographs of faultless

And then we would like to see one of those maddening, mouthwatering meals which are always cooked to absolute

"Magazines are getting very fancy with their food phatagraphs," declared Kurtzman, suggesting photos he'd like to see "for a change."

dishes, tableware and backgrounds with maybe one fault.

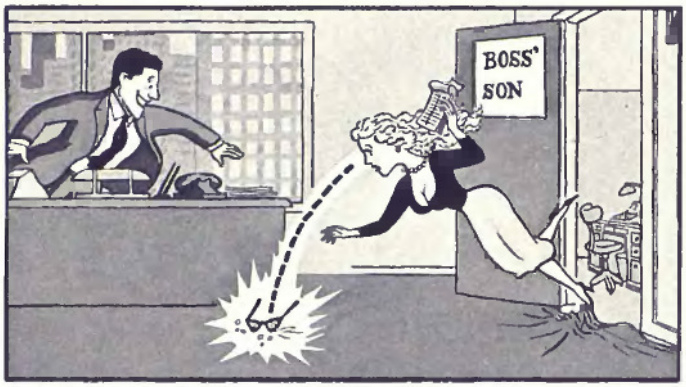
We'd like to see for another change one of those faultless photographs of dishes, tableware and backgrounds using real dishes and real tableware.

perfection, cooked very imperfectly.

As for the type photograph where the table is set so artistically, we'd like to see it set like breakfast in the kitchen back home.

Bugs, can apeners, burnt faad, wilted lettuce and bare feet found their way into this lush, full-calar photoparady af elegant eating.

ROMANCE

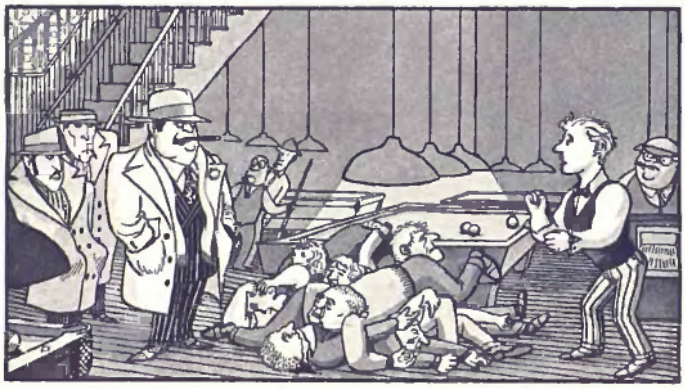


YOUNG BOSS: Why, Miss Chester! You're . . . BEAUTIFUL!

ITALIAN REALISM

FATHER: I lost my job . . . and somebody stole my bike.

FIGHT GAME



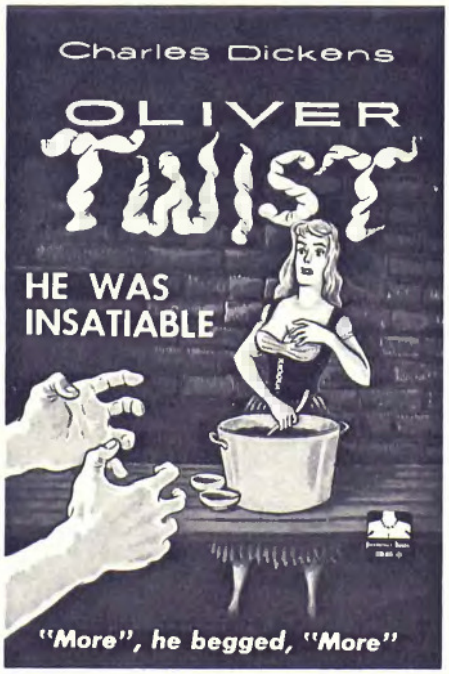
PROMOTER: Handy wicha mitts, eh kid! Wanta fight for dough?

UNDERWATER PICTURE

EVERYBODY: Blubble glubble.

From a spread of "Movie Scenes You Must Have Seen," drawn by Arnold Roth, come these examples of tried-and-true cinematic situations.

Colossal Ahab! He left his bride
to seek a rendezvous with the only one
whose fierce desires could match his own...
A tale of incredible passion!
MOBY DICK



Though literary classics are now in poperback, they must compete with sexy best-sellers. Here, Kurtzman gives "the better books" a break.

KURTZMAN ON SUNDRIES

BOMBASTIC

Typical Student Work

School of Art
Est. 1921
Learn to paint naked girls right in class. Faculty of leading artists includes naked girls right in class. Accomplish still life, landscape, etc., with naked girls right in class. **Write to:**
Naked Girls, Philadelphia 7, Pa.
(Right in class)

inter-mingle

Boarding School
Rich parents: The clean, safe way to rid yourself of your children, leaving you free to marry whenever and whomever you please. Your children's names sent to you periodically—lest you forget.
Top-O'-Pike's Peak, Colorado.

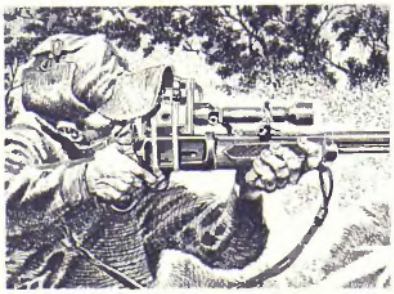
In "back-to-school" issue, Kurtzman ran ad paradies. An "Institute af Dietetics" taught planning of "papular large-quantity meals with emphasis an pizza, papsicles, etc." and "fee-splitting with physicians." Below, manufacturers' claim that planned obsolescence is necessary to the prasperity af aur ecanamy is spoofed.

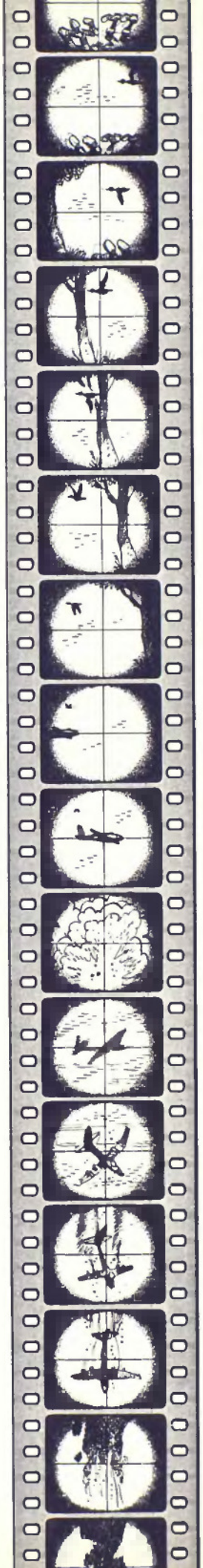
Matchstick soaked in fireproofing liquid goes out quickly.

Shoelace is woven with weak spot integrated into design, which does not arouse suspicion.

Actually KL-22 is a chemical that causes the bar to evaporate when not in use. Pencil has lead only at the very tip and wears out wonderfully fast.

As part of a hunting lampaan, Kurtzman "maunted a mavie camera anto a gun" to give his readers "a real gun's-eye view." Below, the gun-camera in actian and a "real gun's-eye view" of the hunter recarded "an 6,733 feet af film befare he turned camera araund." At right, two further examples af gun-camera in action.





KURTZMAN ON ADVERTISING

I CLIMBED A MT.
"MT. EVEREADY WAS THERE" writes Sir Dillery, our American friend, "and we were here in our climbing suit, boots, gloves, hood, goggles, nose protector and oxygen mask. Col. Winken was here, Dr. Blinken was here, Maj. Nod was here, Sherpa Tzimzing was here—wait a minute! Imagine our surprise when we looked under his climbing suit, boots, gloves, hood, goggles, nose protector and oxygen mask and discovered Sherpa Tzimzing wasn't here! The rascal chickened out!

"HOWEVER, MT. EVEREADY—It was there. And that is why we leaped with a shout, through the col, up the precipice, over the crevasse and into the fog bank."

"WE WERE DEAF to reason, heedless of danger in our eagerness to climb Mt. Eveready because it was there. Imagine our surprise when we stepped out of the fog bank and found it wasn't there."

"AFTER A QUICK TRIP down we returned to the Sherpa village where our host, the chief, invited us to a feast of curried Yak fat, pickled Llama lips, and Canada Club."

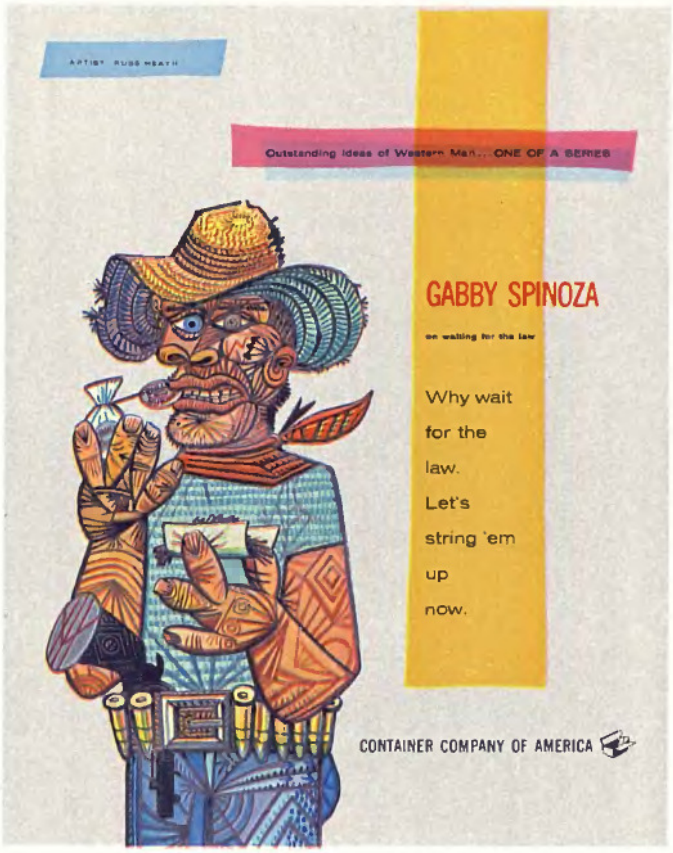
"It slowly dawned on me that this was not a mountain climbing article for Sporty Illustrations, but merely one of those advertisements for Canada Club Whiskey. The disappointment of the whole adventure soon faded, however, since after my fifth glass of Canada Club, I found I had gotten much higher than Mt. Eveready. Next year I shall go over Niagara Falls in a barrel.—"Why?" you ask. Because it is there. And I think I shall go up-current."

GO TO YOUR LIQUOR STORE AND BUY Canada Club

WHY? YOU ASK · BECAUSE IT IS THERE

The American ad has been a continuing source of satire for Kurtzman. Few have escaped his devastating brand of mockery. The above ad for "Canada Club" looks perfectly on the level to the casual observer, is revealed as a parody only upon closer examination and reading.

have you a taste for luxury?
MOIRIER
do say du MOIRIER
when only the best will do
Aging mellows tobacco. And du Moirier's extraordinary tobaccos age for years in wooden casks...maturing slowly, leisurely after which they are taken and shaped into tiny little leaves which are put together to spell du Moirier cigarettes.
Do say du Moirier
FILTER-TIP KING SIZE


ARTIST RUSS HEATH
Outstanding Ideas of Western Man... ONE OF A SERIES
GABBY SPINOZA
on waiting for the law
Why wait for the law. Let's string 'em up now.
CONTAINER COMPANY OF AMERICA

Other Kurtzman ad take-offs include a devastating "Beer Belangs—Enjoy It!" page with beer being enjoyed by Dad, Mom, grandparents, the kids, the dog, the baby, the parrot and the goldfish in their beer-filled bowl; and an ad for "Jell-y" featuring an unhappy ape saying, "When I'm eating Jell-y I wish I were a human being, because apes don't eat Jell-y, 'specially with spoons. Apes eat joints of bamboo shoot or insects. Jell-yl . . . Yarrgh!" A burlesque of Band-Aid Plastic Strips claimed, "No other bandage sticks to dry eggs so well."

Everything brightens up with
brisk LIPTONE TEA
IT DOES WONDERFUL THINGS FOR YOU. Mainly it changes the colors in your face and clothes as shown above.
YOU START PERKING UP after the first few sips you get brighter and your color gets pinker and your eyes get flashier and your nose gets redder—you recal you! That's not tea you're drinking!
TREAT YOUR FAMILY OFTEN to this delicious Liptone Iced Tea...Help! We forgot it's winter and were supposed to plug HOT tea!

Beautiful Hair
B E C K
A NAME WIDESPREAD—BECAUSE MAINLY IS TOO MUCH SPACING BETWEEN LETTERS
We are planning to change our brand name to BECKFLUTEN so's we can fill out space up there better. Anyhow—if you want to look like the girl in the Beck ad, make sure you use the right Beck Shampoo on your head, make sure you rinse out thoroughly, and make sure you are a nice lookin', wet-blue eyed blonde, or it's no use. If for any reason you're dissatisfied, just go the store where you made your original purchase, and say—'Hey! I want my money Beck!'

So faithfully do Kurtzman's artists duplicate the appearance of the original ads that when he accepts actual advertising, he is forced to accompany it with prominent notices reading: "OK now, all kidding aside, these are *real* advertisements!!!"

some questions and answers on our fourth anniversary

FOR MANY MONTHS before "The Mike Wallace Interview" appeared on network TV, Wallace conducted his show for a strictly New York audience. It became, in that period, the most popular program in the city, with a reputation for rough-timing its interviewees that has been softened somewhat since going national. (On one of those early shows, Mary Margaret McBride, when pressed on why she has never married, confessed: "I have never found the right man, but I contemplated having a baby with an Italian I was in love with.") During that period, PLAYBOY publisher Hugh M. Hefner appeared on the program. Before the interview, Mike remarked, "You have a good magazine, but I'm not going to say so on the air," and then explained that the previous guest had not been very "controversial," so he intended asking unusually pointed questions. Afterwards, in his syndicated TV column, John Crosby objected to what seemed to be unfair prejudice on Wallace's part and Wallace said it was one of the few times when his research had been inadequate, "forcing him to hammer away at a few points in hand which sounded unfair." Nevertheless, Wallace's "pointed" questions gave Hefner an opportunity to explain a good deal about PLAYBOY and we thought readers might be interested in this edited version of the interview on the magazine's Fourth Anniversary.

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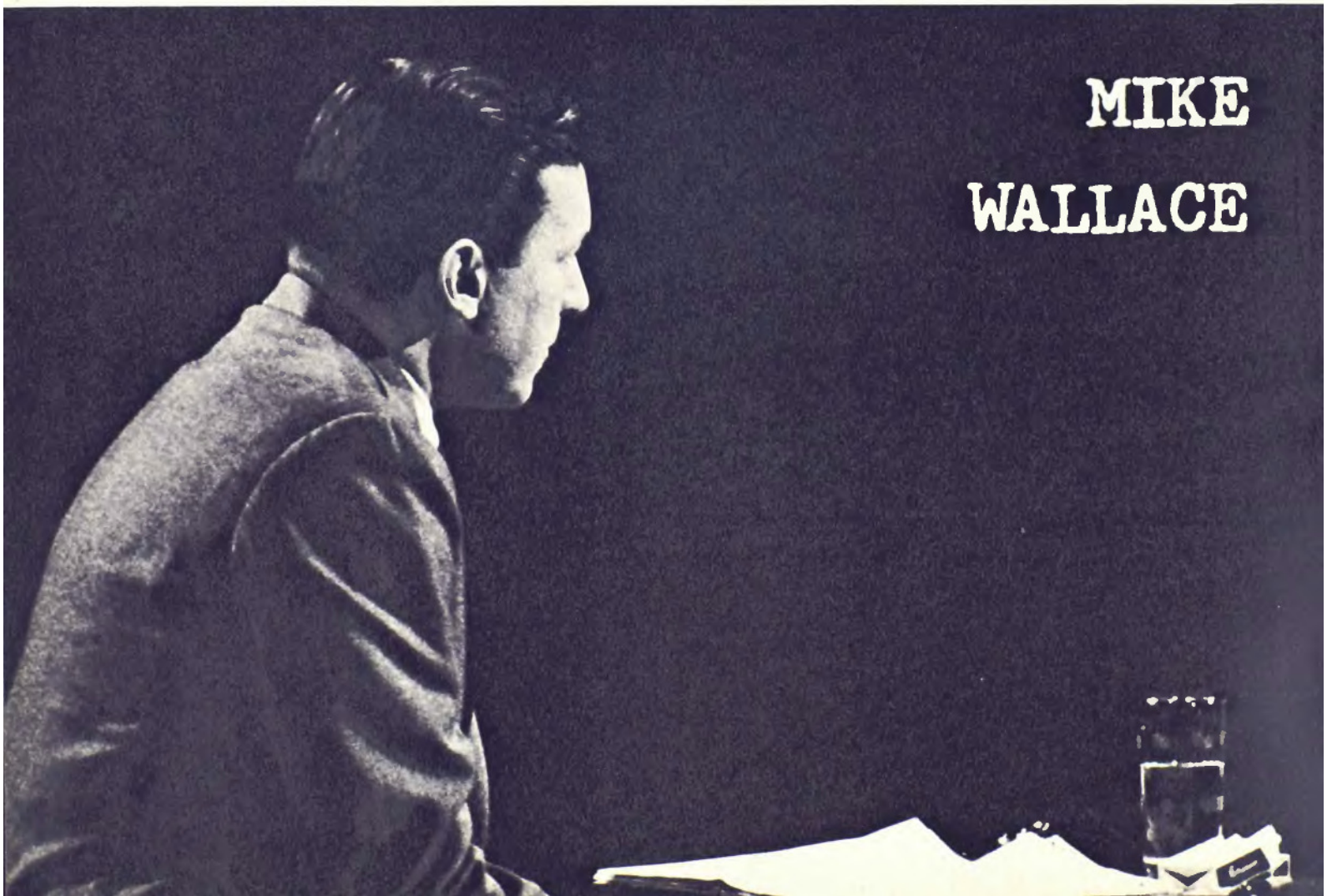
WALLACE: Good evening, I'm Mike Wallace.

Tonight our guest is the 30-year-old brain behind the hottest property in the publishing world. He's Hugh Hefner, editor and publisher of PLAYBOY Magazine. By occupation, he's an expert on American women. We'll ask Hugh what he thinks of the American girl -- and we'll try to find out why he really did start PLAYBOY and whether or not it is just a smutty book.

A little under four years ago, a junior copywriter in Esquire Magazine's promotion department quit in a huff after he



was refused a five dollar raise. And that refusal turned out to be one of the worst decisions ever made at Esquire, because the name of that copywriter was Hugh Hefner. He is now the editor and publisher of PLAYBOY Magazine, which claims to have pushed Esquire right out of first place as the magazine for American men. Just how did Hugh Hefner start PLAYBOY -- what kind of a magazine is it -- what kind of a man is Hugh Hefner? Stay tuned and we'll turn to the man himself.

Hugh -- Time Magazine, September 24, 1956, describes PLAYBOY as "oversexed." We checked this month's issue and found twenty pictures of girls in various stages of undress. Now, sir, what is your conception of the editorial policy of your magazine, PLAYBOY?

HEFNER: We're trying to make it the best magazine in America for the young urban man, Mike. And if it seems "oversexed," I think it's because it is in rather sharp contrast to the so-called general interest or family-type publications. Most of the magazines usually included in this classification are pretty female oriented. We recognized when we began PLAYBOY that our audience was going to be specialized -- literate, urban and adult male -- and we recognized that we couldn't produce a publication for this audience that would also be suited in all ways to Mom and the kiddies. It wouldn't be an honest job of editing if it were.

WALLACE: Literate, urban and adult. Would you justify your use of the word literate? Let's take your current issue, which I have here in front of me. In what sense do you feel that it's a literate magazine?

HEFNER: With this issue and, I think, with all of them, we're aiming at an audi-

(continued on page 82)

MANIPULATORS *(continued from page 38)*

the caution. It seems that women, especially in the suburbs, now buy a very large portion of all gasoline purchased. Researchers found that a great many women would resist, unconsciously, taking the hose and inserting it in the opening of their gas tank.

Now that women are invading this man's world more and more, The Manipulators discovered many males seem to respond with special enthusiasm to products they can still call their own. One is the cigar: women, Anne Baxter notwithstanding, still haven't tried to take up stogie-smoking. Cigar sales recently have reached the highest level in a quarter century.

The cigar intrigued the MR men because it is an example of pure masculine imagery. It is commonly associated with fight managers, construction bosses, gangsters. When men get together at exclusively male functions, many who normally smoke cigarettes light up cigars.

One prominent ad exec who became tantalized by the cigar's symbol potentialities was Edward Weiss of Chicago. His interest was aroused when a cigar campaign that pictured a beaming lady passing cigars out to a group of men ran aground. He ordered a psychiatric study. It concluded the ad was dead wrong because one of the big satisfactions men get out of cigar-smoking is the knowledge that many women find cigar-smoking in their presence objectionable and ungentlemanly. The male smokes the cigar in their presence to show he is still untamed. When a male at a mixed gathering asks ladies if they object to his smoking his cigar, Weiss says, the male is being something less than genuinely concerned. He is in fact proclaiming his refusal to be sexually muted. As Mr. Weiss explained it: "He knows darned well he is going to stink up the room."

Whiskers are one symbol of manliness women couldn't affect even if they wanted to; and so the morning stubble has quietly risen in esteem with male possessors. Shrewd shave-cream makers have begun stressing the toughness of beards. A pychiatrically-oriented New York ad agency asked a sampling of males how many of them would be interested in a new miracle cream (apparently mythical) which in three applications would rid them of their beard forever. Almost unanimously the men said they wouldn't be interested.

Another technique of persuasion-in-depth that has become popular is to beam messages at specific social classes. Most Americans like to believe that they believe they are progressing toward a totally democratic society. The Manipulators know better and have the populace all charted by layers, from upper-upper down to lower-lower.

Social Research, which has pioneered the layer approach to marketing, tells the story of a young son of an Italian immigrant. While living among his kinsfolk he learned to turn for his bottled uplift to red wine. Later, when he went to work in logging camps, he developed contempt for red wine and learned to favor beer. Still later, when he got to a white collar job as a junior executive in Detroit, he spurned beer in favor of whiskey. The final turn came when he became quite successful and secure as an executive — and returned to drinking primarily plain red wine. At that station in life it was a completely appropriate and even sophisticated thing to do.

A Chicago beer that developed social aspirations came down with some interesting complications. One of the city's leading brews, its popularity had been confined largely to the boys in the taverns until its makers set out to push it into the better homes. They illustrated their ambition by showing the beer being sipped by socialites, fox hunters and concert pianists. Some slight improvement in sales was noted in the better areas of town: but sales dropped disastrously in the taverns. Social Research, in a subsequent study of beer and social class, concluded that beer drinking in America is an informal, predominantly middle-class custom and that upper class people should be shown drinking it only when they are at their most informal and demonstrating what good fellows they are.

Perhaps the niftiest device of The Manipulators is what they call "psychological obsolescence." This follows a one-two pattern. First you create style consciousness for a product: then you switch styles. It was pioneered of course in female fashions and in car design. However, it soon spread to the sale of such things as refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, telephones and — most interesting of all — men's clothing. A multimillion dollar campaign was launched to shake men out of their lethargy and make them style-responsive.

From the style-manipulators' standpoint, men have always been far too timid and conservative about their apparel. They are satisfied to wear a suit they like, Ivy League or otherwise, year after year. If they are married, they spend far less on clothing than their wives, even though they are out in the world more, making an impression. As Mr. Martineau complained: "The American male has never been completely sold on the concept of style in clothing." He urged that the male be made aware that "something exciting is going on." The men's clothing industry hired expert persuaders and raised a $2,000,000 war chest "to force the average man out of a drab routine of stereotyped garb into a seasonal, volatile, style-conscious class." One major hat maker devised the cheering message: "Every hat you own just went out of style!"

One big lever the doctors discovered for prodding males into the new "seasonal, volatile, style-conscious" scheme of things was Woman. As Mr. Martineau explained, girlfriends, secretaries, wives and mothers "can do a tremendous job of exerting pressure on a man to make him dress right."

Another technique is that of rooting out hidden resistances to products and then charting a "rediscovery" of the product with the buried stigma removed.

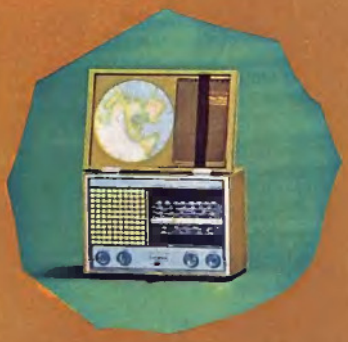
When male smokers began worrying about the health hazard of cigarette smoking, the makers of cigarette holders thought they saw a chance to recruit millions of new customers. They moved in, but with disappointing results. There was a strong undercurrent of resistance to the idea. Depth probers for the Institute for Motivational Research attributed the resistance to the fact many men felt that only sissies and women used holders. Another interesting discovery was that many of the older, more prosperous men — the natural targets for a holder campaign — still held a grudge against the holder because they associated it, deep in their memories, with an ex-President of the U.S. The memory of "That man!" — with his holder clenched jauntily in his mouth — still raised many a hackle. The Institute helped guide the client past these resistances by designing a short, stubby holder in masculine browns and blacks that hardly looked like a holder at all; and users were shown in such he-man pursuits as watching baseball games.

Tire makers have had another sort of booby-trap to harass them, the depth doctors found. It seems that most of us first become aware of the brand name of the tire on our car at the worst possible moment: when we've just had a blowout. Feeling dismayed and irritated, we squat down to inspect the faithless tire, and for the first time the brand name is seared in our memory. The researchers urged tire makers to counsel car owners to make periodic inspections of their tires, ostensibly to check on their condition, but actually just to impress the brand name upon the motorists at happier times.

Many car owners, in thinking of their cars almost as an extension of themselves, resent any unappreciative handling it gets or any unflattering remarks made about it, regardless of how used and forlorn it may look. One MR coun-

(concluded on page 87)

Playboy's Christmas Tree



spectators and sportsmen, indoors and out

Top row: British Seagull outboard weighs 29 lbs., delivers 2½ horsepower, needs little or no servicing, is sure-starting, rugged and gadget-free, $140. **Second row:** fiber-glass Water Scooter seats two comfortably, inboard powered for speeds to 8 mph, $425. Philco Trans-World 7 band, 9 transistor portable short-wave, weighs 20 lbs., powered by 6 flashlight batteries, $225. **Third row:** Wittnauer Cine-Twin 8mm movie camera converts into its own projector in 30 seconds flat—everything needed to convert from camera (powered by 3 flashlight batteries) to projector (electric) is completely built-in, self-contained and ready for instant use, with case and 2 lenses, $159.50. Bell & Howell Monterey DeLuxe 8mm projector, with reverse and still picture controls, in self-contained case, $99.95; B&H 8mm camera with electric eye that adjusts to changing light automatically, with lens and case, $169.95; Voigtlander Vitessa T 35mm camera with built-in exposure meter, rangefinder and f/2.8 lens, $154.50. **Bottom row:** modern Swedish chessmen with inlaid wood board, $64.50. G.E. 17″ portable TV, compact, trouble-free, $169.95.

ALONE WITH LISA

a visit with a playmate too shy to become a star

IT MAY BE DIFFICULT to believe, but the girl pictured so personally on these pages is extremely shy. So shy, in fact, that she has been spectacularly unsuccessful at making a career for herself in the wilds of Hollywood.

These intimate photographs of Lisa preparing for bath and bed were taken by Bunny Yeager, and Bunny is a woman. Lisa will not pose for a male photographer and before Bunny discovered her waiting for a bus on a downtown Miami street corner, Lisa Winters had never posed for anyone. Bunny submitted her picture to PLAYBOY and it would be quite accurate to state that this magazine's rather jaded editors flipped.

So did our readers. Lisa first appeared in these pages a year ago this month, splashing prettily about a Florida pool sans bathing suit, and the letters that poured in left no doubt that she was the most popular Playmate published to date. She received an immediate offer of $500 for a single TV appearance in New York, but there seemed to be some unusual strings attached to the proposition, so she turned it down. She did appear on the Tex McCrary show without pay, however, and so charmed the radio-TV personality that he invited her back for a second appearance the next day and had his associate NBC newscaster concocting poetry for her on the air. She also received movie offers from four major studios.

It may seem strange, but Lisa wasn't sure she wanted to be in motion pictures (actually, she is so sensitive, so afraid of failure and of not being liked, that she wasn't sure she would be able to do what might be expected of a movie actress).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BUNNY YEAGER

ALONE WITH LISA *(continued from preceding page)*

so she declined. But this past summer, with some prodding from her family, she went to visit friends in California. There she remained in relative seclusion for several weeks till an independent talent scout spotted her. He won her confidence and on the following afternoon, took her for a routine tour of one of the major studios. Over coffee afterwards, he told her quite bluntly that he could put her in contact with the most important men in Hollywood and get her far better offers than those tendered half a year before, but if he did this for her, she would have to sleep with him. Lisa went home, cried, and withdrew still further inside herself.

Lisa Winters has a more perfectly proportioned figure than any of Hollywood's current cinema sirens; she has a face both sweet and charming; she has an engaging personality, too, but it is hidden behind a wall that insecurity and lack of self-confidence have built. So while a full half-dozen Playmates of the past have been given screen contracts and one has become a full-fledged star, Lisa remains alone and undiscovered, still living with family friends on the outskirts of Hollywood. And no one knows she is there.

fiction By GERALD KERSH ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN JURGENS

SOMETHING ON HIS MIND

not wine nor women could ever bring peace to the haunted stranger

"You——" said the innkeeper and then stopped. He had been about to say: "You have had a rough time of it." The newcomer had the air of a man who has been badly beaten. His cheeks were mottled so that they might have been bruised. Under each eye hung a black pouch, and his lips were swollen. Furthermore, the man had a wild, hunted look and his tired eyelids, struggling against the heavy hand of sleep, blinked rapidly as he glanced from side to side.

"Well?" he said. "What?" There was a hoarse savagery in his voice which the innkeeper did not like.

"I was going to say," said the innkeeper, "you are welcome."

The innkeeper looked away from the stranger's face, and smiled. The man was flipping a large silver coin in the air and catching it as it fell. In the gloom of the tavern you could have seen the flash of the innkeeper's eyes as they followed the flight of the piece of money.

"Wine?" he said.

"Strong wine."

The innkeeper bowed.

"Have one yourself," said the stranger. He looked about him. There was only one other customer — a silent, elderly man with a broken nose. "You too."

"I don't mind if I do," said the innkeeper.

"You're very kind," said the other man.

The stranger nodded and drank.

"My Lord," said the innkeeper. "Your hand!"

"What about my hand?"

"You have bitten it!"

The stranger blinked at his left fist. From a ring of blue marks, reluctant drops of blood slowly oozed. He said: "What's that?"

"Nothing, sir. Only for a moment you startled me, biting your hand like that."

"For God's sake shut up and get some more wine!"

Two more men came in — one fat, the other thin. They saw the stranger and there was something about him that stopped the casual trickle of their conversation. The fat one glanced at the innkeeper, who winked and nodded. "Your Honor, shall I give these gentlemen a drink too?"

The stranger stopped spinning the coin and hurled it across the counter. Bowing to the ground, the innkeeper murmured: "May you live a thousand years, my lord."

Silence came again. "Your health, honored sir," said the fat man. "Have you come far?"

"Yes," said the stranger.

"From . . . ?"

The stranger raised his eyes, and there was such utter desperation in that glance that the fat man gulped his drink and said no more. The thin man tried to make conversation. "Plenty of excitement in town these days," he said. "Hear the latest? Riots. It seems there was ——"

"For God's sake!" said the stranger, in a queer, high voice. "Is there no musician here? Does nobody play? Does nobody dance? Does nobody *sing*? Is there nothing in this stinking, dirty, filthy city that . . . Are there no women? Then for the love of God bring me more wine!" The stranger produced another silver piece, which he flipped and spun with nervous intensity but did not forfeit. "Curse you, hurry!" The innkeeper spilled dark puddles of pungent wine in his haste, and set out more cups.

"Long life," said the fat man.

The stranger laughed and drank. The innkeeper whistled. The thin man coughed. Nobody liked the sound of that laughter. "Well?" said the stranger. "Isn't anybody saying anything? Haven't you got any tongues? Are you struck deaf and dumb and paralyzed? God damn you — talk!"

"It's a hot day," said the innkeeper.

"Getting dark," said the man with a broken nose.

"Looks like a storm," said the thin man.

The fat man cleared his throat and said: "Yesterday I heard a good joke, but I seem to have forgotten it."

"More drinks," said the stranger.

"Steady," said the fat man. "I've got work to do. How's business?" he asked of the innkeeper.

"How's *what*? Business, did you say? What business? Don't make me laugh. Business! I can't pay my way any more. Taxes here, taxes there . . . And then again, I'm at the wrong end of town. It's dead."

"It's slack everywhere," said the fat man. Addressing the stranger, he added: "Don't you find it so?"

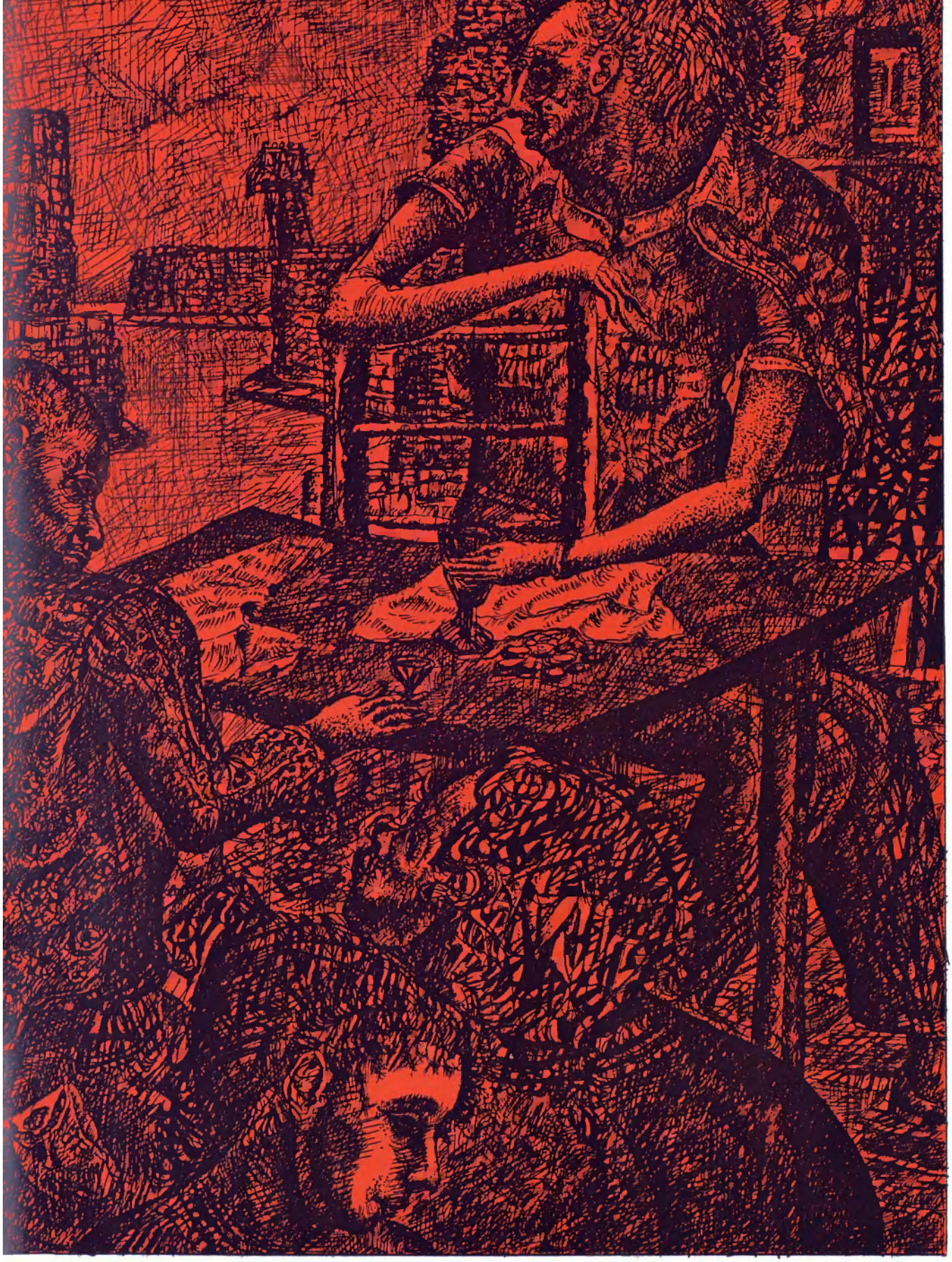
"Don't I find what so?"

"Business bad."

"Yes."

Outside, the quiet street lay, salt white in the blinding daylight. A shadow fell over the threshold. Two women were coming in followed by some men. The innkeeper winked and made a gesture, upon which the women smiled and sat at the stranger's table. He looked at them gloomily. One of the women was young and beautiful. The

(concluded on page 78)



"For God's sake!" he cried. "Does nobody play or dance or sing here?"

KURTZMAN *(continued from page 51)*

planets Will Elder, Jack Davis, Wallace Wood, Al Jaffee and Arnold Roth, cartoonists and/or writers all.

The brand of parody purveyed by Kurtzman and Co. is largely pictorial: it achieves its effects by means of deft draftsmanship that caricatures just about every facet of our society. An issue of *Humbug* might include potshots at American highways, tranquilizers, vacation time, popular movies and TV shows, and even The Great American Breakfast Food Box: ". . . No longer a container, but a medium of communication; in fact, a *publication*" which includes condensed classics, comic strips, a cut-out for a Real Shooting Cannon, and a Real Deed to One Mile of Texas ("one mile long by one sixteenth of an inch wide").

Kurtzman's crazy career began in the comic book field and many of his best satires have been of famous comic strips by other people, as he turned *Prince Valiant* into *Prince Violent*, with the Prince's "singing sword" rendering popular tunes of the day; *Pogo* into *Gopo Gossum*, with the familiar swamp characters complaining that the borders of their panels "ain't even draw'd with a ruler"; *Li'l Abner* into *L'l Ab'r*, wherein the homespun hero of Al Capp is transformed into a greedy opportunist continually creating Shmoo-type animals that will sell big in toy stores. "The drawings," in the words of *The Kingsport* (Tennessee) *Times-News*' Bill Freehoff, "are almost exact duplicates of the originals, except that the women characters have been rendered even more womanly." This is true even of Little Orphan Melvin (a girl, incidentally, despite the name), who answers the question "How come you call Daddy Peacebucks 'Daddy'?" by saying, "I've been around a long time and a girl doesn't get any younger, you know. But my public wants me as the child they always remember, with those ridiculous cotton stockings, that fantastic hair-do and my eyeballs turned up so's only the whites show." Divesting herself of these childish accoutrements, she stands revealed, in the last panel, as a burgeoning blonde beauty who demands, "So what's wrong with me calling him *Daddy* Peacebucks?" Of this metamorphosis, Robert Warshow, writing in *Commentary* magazine, said, "I had some difficulty in explaining that joke to my 11-year-old son."

Any given issue of a Kurtzman magazine may be hard to spot on newsstands because Kurtzman makes sure his covers resemble everything *else* under the sun: a schoolboy's composition book, a Picasso abstraction, even other magazines such as *Time*, *Life* and sober-sided *New Republic*/*The Nation*-type publications. ("This special issue is designed for people ashamed to read this in subways and like that! Cover design makes people think you are reading high-class intellectual stuff instead of miserable junk.")

Behind the intricate excellences of the artists' pens is Kurtzman, who writes most of the scripts and personally sketches detailed layouts and breakdowns to guide the artists in doing the finishes. Ideas are fed into the hopper by all members of the group, however, when they periodically come in to Manhattan from Scarsdale, Long Island, Westchester, Philadelphia and other outlands for editorial meetings, of which the following extract is typical:

KURTZMAN: Actually, there's not too much to talk about . . .

JAFFEE: We came from 50 miles around to hear that.

KURTZMAN: But there are a few spots here maybe you can help me out on. For the Christmas cover, I've been trying to think about something with Ebenezer Scrooge on it. And about the closest I got to an idea that satisfied me was — you know that old poster of Uncle Sam saying "I want you"? . . . I was just wondering how Scrooge would look pointing out from the cover like that and just saying "Humbug!" to the world out there.

JAFFEE: And maybe we could put our title, *Humbug*, in a balloon . . .

ROTH: Why don't we run a message from Manischewitz wine on the cover?

EVERYBODY: For Christmas??!!

ROTH: Sure, and we'd have What's-His-Name, Commander What's-His-Name . . .

KURTZMAN: Whitehead?

ROTH: Yeah, only we'd change his name; you know, he says, "Hello theah, this is Monty Schewitz . . ." Well, he *looks* like Santa Claus, that guy!

JAFFEE: But it would be too long to say "Manischewervescence."

KURTZMAN *(in desperation)*: I'm not getting ANY HELP HERE!!

Dorothy Parker, without knowing it, once described the Kurtzman brand of satire to a tee. Volunteering her personal description of what humor should be, she said, "There must be courage; there must be no awe. There must be criticism, for humor, to my mind, is encapsulated in criticism. There must be a disciplined eye and a wild mind. There must be a magnificent disregard of your reader, for if he cannot follow you, there is nothing you can do about it." This disregard is evident again and again in Kurtzman when he peppers his parodies with such favorite private words and phrases as *potrzebie*, *furshlugginer*, *chicken fat*, *ecccccch* and *How's your mom, Ed?* That he finds a bottomless well of personal yoks in the name Melvin is clear: in addition to the previously mentioned Little Orphan Melvin, he has been responsible for Sinilin' Melvin and Melvin of the Apes. Of late, however, Melvin seems to have lost ground in favor of Seymour Mednick, a real-life neighbor of Arnold Roth's who did the photographic portrait of Kurtzman on the opening page of this feature and whose name is sprinkled with "magnificent disregard" through *Humbug*'s pages.

The hard core of the Kurtzman crew are all roughly the same age and have known each other since boyhood. Kurtzman, Elder, Jaffee and *Humbug* Managing Editor Harry Chester all attended The High School of Music and Art in New York, where Kurtzman brightened the bulletin boards with crude mimeographed satire while Jaffee and Elder convulsed the lunchroom crowd with comic pantomime and an extensive repertoire of vocal sound effects.

About the time the Music and Art gang were graduating from high school (late Thirties, early Forties), pulp magazines took a nosedive and comic books suddenly burst upon the American scene with unparalleled vigor. Once a minor market content to reprint old material from the Sunday comic sections of newspapers, they were now a repository for all the energy, talent and lack of talent that hitherto had poured into the dying pulps. To meet the public's sudden demand for comic books, publishers were hiring everybody they could get their hands on — including three kids named Kurtzman, Elder and Jaffee. Kurtzman eventually wound up writing scripts, drawing covers and generally masterminding his own book, a Korean war story called *Two-Fisted Tales*, for EC (Educational Comics), which also published such titles as *Tales from the Crypt* and *The Vault of Horror*. Will Elder began working for Kurtzman's book; Harry Chester left a job as a girdle salesman to help his old school chum, Harvey, in a managerial capacity; a lanky southern boy named Jack Davis came shuffling in from Georgia with some wonderful drawings under his arm; and a Minnesotan, Wally Wood, with equally wonderful drawings under his arm, also found his way to *Two-Fisted Tales*.

The artists who worked for Kurtzman in those days recall with horror the relentless research that went into every panel. Kurtzman was a stickler for authenticity: he demanded that his artists work from photographs to duplicate army equipment and uniforms exactly; he sent them out on maneuvers

(continued on page 85)

Playboy's Christmas Tree

fashionable finds for her

Top row: dazzling diamond and platinum drop pin, $7500, and bracelet, $20,000, with baguettes, pear-shaped and round stones. **Second row:** champagne bucket with hand-painted Florentine finish and aluminum liner, $25. Lustrous wide-wale corduroy shirt with modified shawl collar and a pocket for cigs on the sleeve, $12.50, and matching, narrowly-tapered slacks, $10.95. **Third row:** Princess Margaret plaid kilotte (combination kilt and culotte), with fringed and buckled side and giant safety pin at the front, $18.95; Capezio skimmer with raccoon puff, $11.95; Haymaker Glamourgams, perkily-striped half-leotards for under-a-skirt wear, $6 each; houseboy jacket tailored in Italy, $15.95. Wool 6′ mufflers, available in most school or sorority colors, $5.95 each. **Bottom row:** hand-stained mahogany leather purse with herringbone pouch, brass closure, $25; adjustable shoulder-strap purse has elkhorn closure, $32.50; handmade contour belts of top steer leather with sunburst brass closure, $11, latch closure, $10, and needle closure, $10. Nylon nightgown in a soft candlelight shade, with lace-trimmed flying panels, $49.95.

NOW
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

1958 PLAYBOY PLAYMATE CALENDAR

JANUARY 1958

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

Jean Jani, an airline stewardess from Dayton, transports male admirers way up to Cloud Nine.

DECEMBER 1957

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

FEBRUARY 1958

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	

From her first appearance within the pages of PLAYBOY, the provocative Playmate of the Month has been the most popular feature in the magazine. And from her first appearance, readers have been asking for a Playmate Calendar. So, with considerable pride, PLAYBOY presents a full dozen of the most delightful Playmates from our first four years of publishing — together in one handsome, full color calendar package. Lisa Winters, Janet Pilgrim, Betty Blue and all your other favorites are here — one for every month in the year. Dandy for the den — handy for the home or office — a great gift for any man.

50¢ throughout the U. S.

GET YOURS FROM YOUR NEWSDEALER TODAY

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND *(continued from page 42)*

I visited Sark. The gorse on the hillsides was quietly in flower, two or three cows walking unambitiously among it, and a soft Atlantic wind sent yellow tremors through the wheat fields. Mr. Head was clipping his hedges, idly; he was no longer Constable of Sark, he told me, but, on pleasant days, he liked to stroll along the beach to look for Colorado beetles on the incoming tide. It was a relatively peaceful Sark while I was there, and Mr. Head expressed the hope it would last. A few months later, therefore, I was rather dismayed to come across an issue of the *Guernsey Star* and learn that Mr. Head had set off still another wave of hysteria in the Chief Pleas by making what would be, in almost any other legislature, a not especially inflammatory proposal — namely, that taxpayers in Sark ought to be given receipts. The *Guernsey Star* records the following exchange:

MR. HEAD: I have received no receipt from the constable for the pound I sent him last November.

THE CONSTABLE *(his color rising)*: I have Mr. Head's receipt at home. What does he think — I've kept the money?

MR. HEAD *(likewise)*: I am asking again for my receipt.

THE CONSTABLE: I'll *send* you your receipt.

MR. HEAD: I am not the only person who has not had a receipt. Will receipts be sent to everybody?

THE CONSTABLE: They will all have receipts!

MR. A. G. FALLE: I can't understand why Mr. Head is asking all these questions; we will be here all day.

By now, however, a number of other questions had occurred to Mr. Head, relative to land reform, contracts, seagulls, and a feudal officer identified as the Procurator of the Poor; he also pointed out that a law to require the registration of .22 and .303 rifles had been passed five years earlier, and straightaway thought no more of it ("The fact remains," said Mr. Head, "that we gladly pass new laws and then forget all about them"); and he complained that his Personal Tax Bill had been called 12 pages of trash by the seneschal, whereupon:

THE SENESCHAL: Well, it *was* 12 pages of trash.

MR. HEAD: And I thought it was such a brilliant piece of work!

Presently, it would appear, everybody in the Chief Pleas was shouting at once, some of them in English and some in Norman patois, the very peculiar dialect of Sark; "Let them learn our language!" shouted Mr. A. G. Falle, in Norman patois; "Can you teach it? You can't even write it!" shouted Mr. Harold de Carteret, in English; "I have a wolf in the stomach and a sponge in the gullet!" yelled Mr. Head, metaphorically; and the meeting was boisterously adjourned. It was no doubt resumed the following day, but I've been unable to get hold of that day's *Guernsey Star*.

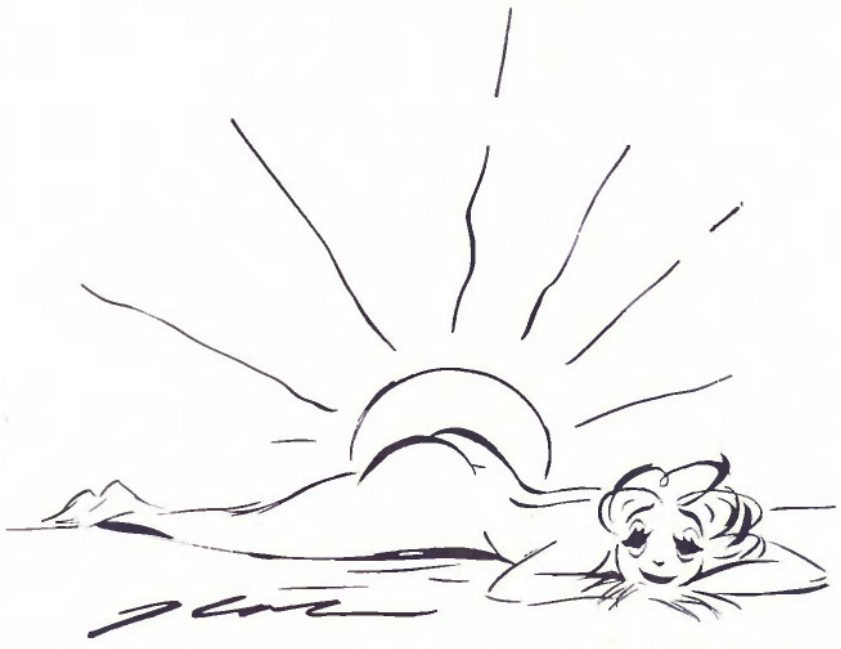
• • •

One of the feudal laws in Sark that is vigorously enforced by Mrs. Hathaway is that no automobiles may go there; Mrs. Hathaway is very proud of it, and regularly tells her audiences in America that this is one of Sark's most delightful virtues. The extremities of Sark are three miles apart, so the people use tractors to get about. These are ever to be seen on the Sarkese landscape — great, ungainly, rusty spiders that thunder along the roads by day, kicking up the dust with man-sized, rubber wheels; at night, they are really a caution. When I came to Sark, a tractor was in readiness at the pier; my baggage and that of the other people was put in back, and we ourselves sat uncomfortably among it while a bony, uncommunicative fellow got into the saddle, did a number of things there, caused the tractor to emit a splendid quantity of blue-black gases, did a number of other indescribable things, and took a course uphill; five minutes of this and he was altogether spent, brought the tractor to a stop, discontinued the blue-black gases, and hurried into a tavern. We, the excursionists, were none too steady ourselves, and followed him in.

The tavern was an oaken and quietly *gemütlich* one, and it was frequented, at this hour, by what I learned was a cross-section of the Sarkese community — farm hands, hired men, and some propertied folk whose ancestors had lived in Sark since 1565, some old-timers with tired, yellowing, porous mustaches and the faces of Norman fishermen, some Englishmen and women who made their homes there. The old-timers were in a brown study, for the most part, and hadn't much to say, but the others enthusiastically had given themselves over to gossip, and within an hour had told me of easily a dozen indecorums on the part of Mrs. Hathaway, from 1901 to the present, and on the part of her father, her mother (the former of whom was given to kicking the latter downstairs in the Gay Nineties, I was assured), and her late husband, a graduate of Yale named Mr. Robert Hathaway, who, it was alleged, was selling tennis balls in London when he stumbled fortunately upon the Dame of Sark. This sort of gossip is always to be heard in Sark; it is not only told by the highly unreliable sources I met in the tavern but is reciprocated by such impeachable authorities as the Hathaway family itself; there is so much of it, and so much that is said in malice that, I'm afraid, it would be difficult to find a less delightful place than the island of Sark to live. The general ill-feeling is bound to rub onto the tourists, who never seem to be especially happy and who develop a wary, conspiratorial look after too long a vacation there.

It took a bit of doing to get past all of this gossip and learn something about Sark itself but, after making inquiries of the most persistent sort, I am pleased

FEMALES BY COLE: 42



Conceited

to report to my readers some of the native customs that have been peculiar to Sark as long as anyone can remember — namely, that wine and cake are given to everyone on wedding days, that apples and oranges are given to the children on New Year's Day, that rabbits are shot on Christmas Day, that clay pipes are shot on Christmas Day and New Year's Day, that model boats are built at home by children and floated on Good Friday along the Petit Beauregard Pond, that *all* boats are built at home and gotten to the ocean and that the lady who launches them is put on the deck with a champagne bottle and is simultaneously launched herself. The *Sark Guide* which can be got there for a shilling, informs me that, at certain times, "almost the whole population of Sark, armed with hooks and baskets, may be found in the most inaccessible places on the shore, frantically turning over boulders, often being rewarded with as many as two hundred ormers," a native custom that, I trust, will be clarified in future editions, and the Reverend Mr. J. L. V. Cachemaille, writing in 1828, reports that a common entertainment was to dress a man as a donkey: "Many an evening was passed in this way, particularly in winter," says the Reverend Mr. Cachemaille, "and the result was that much time was wasted, bad habits were contracted, and were followed by immorality." A man as a donkey is very frightening to Sarkese children, but even the grownups are given a nasty turn when they run into Tchico, the dog of the dead, a ghost. Naturally, one expects to find a reasonable number of such disembodied spirits at a tourist resort but Sark has more than its share, I think, being haunted in season by a headless rider, a riderless coach, an amphibious manner of spook at the bottom of wells, and some as yet unidentified apparitions in the village jail, as well as others; indeed, the atmosphere in Sark is so thick with ectoplasm that the people must needs take practical measures against it, notably by fixing a few stones to their chimneys to keep the witches out. Mrs. Hathaway herself, speaking of the manor house she lives in, has written that "the Seigneurie has no less than four of these stones, and so effective are they that not a single witch has come down the chimneys within living memory." I take it that Mrs. Hathaway is being merry with us here, but it ought to be noted that she resorted to the black magic of Albertus Magnus when one of her daughters, Mrs. Douce Alianore Daphne Beaumont Brisco, had warts, and that she let some white knitting-wool be tied around one of her cows after it had been bewitched. "I have no comment to make upon this," Mrs. Hathaway has written since, "except the important one that I still have the cow."

Not only is Sark so possessed by witches and spooks as to be almost uninhabitable by human beings but, I learned, its most prominent and reigning family, that of Mrs. Hathaway, is cursed — not a very pleasant curse, even as curses go, but one that ought to be told of, nevertheless. It began in the early eighteen hundreds, I learned, when silver was discovered in a desolate part of Sark. I have seen the place: there is a sinkhole nearby, and you can go 50 yards down into it, and then to the ocean along a cave; the ground is soft with cinnamon-brown seaweed, and the only sounds are the slapping waves. A certain Mr. Peter Le Pelley was feudal lord when the silver was found here; the assay specified muriate of silver, sulphuret of silver, sulphuret of silver and antimony, black sulphuret of silver, ruby silver, antimonial silver, and argentiferous and auriferous iron pyrites, and Le Pelley's eyes must have bulged as he read all this. He put $170,000 in the silver mine, but the vein ran dry.

What happened next is that Mr. Le Pelley hurried to Guernsey to pay his creditors, notably Mrs. T. G. Collings; the boat sank, Mr. Le Pelley drowned, Mrs. T. G. Collings foreclosed, and there was such consternation in Sark that Mr. Le Pelley's valet tried to jump off a cliff, being restrained by none other than the Reverend Mr. J. L. V. Cachemaille. Mrs. T. G. Collings became the Dame of Sark, and was straightaway cursed for having done so by the ghost of Mr. Le Pelley — or by some other ghost, this part of the story being not especially clear — and she died that very year, without ever seeing Sark. Mrs. Collings' son and the next feudal lord, the Reverend Mr. W. T. Collings, was not conspicuously cursed, but he very nearly died the same way as Mr. Le Pelley, and *his* son, Mr. William F. Collings, was the man who reportedly kicked his wife downstairs. (Besides, he was arrested on the island of Guernsey for shooting a naval officer, on Jersey for raising cain at a brothel, and on Sark for knocking the constable's hat off.) One of his children was cursed with a cleft palate, and the other — the present Mrs. Hathaway — with a shorter leg, while, in the present century, the seven children of Mrs. Hathaway have been so awfully cursed that she's on speaking terms with only one of them, Mrs. Jehanne Rosemary Ernestine Beaumont Bell. Three of the others are dead: Mr. Basil Ian Beaumont died in school, Miss Bridget Amice Beaumont died of cancer, and Mr. Francis William Lionel Collings "Buster" Beaumont died in bed with a British actress; Mr. Richard Vyvyan Dudley Beaumont, alias "Tuppeny," has been doing a stretch on

"But, Karen, of course you serve a purpose in life!"

Malta, and Mr. Cyril John Astley Beaumont is lying low in Australia; Mrs. Douce Alianore Daphne Beaumont Brisco, the girl with warts, was left at the altar, recently, by a Mr. Winterflood or Winterbottom, who was later found in a pub, said it was all a joke, and died of sleeping pills shortly after. The whole story isn't a very pretty one, and it's carried considerably further by the gossips.

I have mentioned that one of the accursed lords of Sark was very nearly drowned at sea, and this, too, is something that ought to be told of, not because it's an especially good story but because we hear entirely too much of the bravery of sea captains these days and, I think, it's worthwhile to see the other side of the coin. The story is told by the feudal lord in question, the Reverend Mr. W. T. Collings, who writes that his ship ran against a beacon on a rainy afternoon in 1872, at which: "The captain threw up his arms, and uttered one awful despairing cry, 'All's lost! All's lost!' As long as we live this cry will haunt us." The captain is next seen, in the Reverend Mr. Collings' narrative, as using the variation, "We *are* lost." Mr. Collings pointed out that the ship was well aground and the tide was falling ("No, sir, she is filling fast, we are lost"), and his son pointed out that after all, there was a lifeboat; the captain jumped into it first, followed by women and children and, lastly, by the Reverend Mr. Collings. Mr. Collings tried to be cheery, but the captain said, "We're drifting, we are going up the Russell, we are lost." Two hours later, the boat reached shore.

• • •

Sark's predicament as the only feudal state in Europe is so awfully huggermugger that I hesitate to pursue it further, but it hasn't been pointed out yet that Mrs. Sibyl Hathaway, in her capacity as a feudal lord, continues to owe allegiance to a feudal *over*lord, the Duchess of Normandy. Sark was part and parcel of Normandy in medieval days, and its overlord for more than a thousand years has been the duke or duchess—at present, a young, handsome, blue-eyed Englishwoman, who once a year is given a check for the equivalent of seven dollars as a token of Mrs. Hathaway's allegiance. Since 1066, of course, the Duchess of Normandy has also been the Queen of England, and, because of this, the English generally think of Sark not as a country in its own right but as an insignificant part of their queen's domain. The Sarkese, on the other hand, generally think of England as an insignificant part of their duchess' domain; after all, they point out, who conquered whom?

Duchess Elizabeth II of Normandy, and her ducal predecessors, have paid precious little heed to their vassalage of Sark, and, historically, have given Mrs. Hathaway and her predecessors a free hand there. (None of the dukes and duchesses so much as visited Sark. Duchess Victoria circumnavigated the place in 1859 and was given a 21 gun salute in gratitude — "which no doubt she distinctly heard," says the Reverend Mr. Cachemaiile. It's lucky she didn't land, I think; some peacocks had gotten into the manor house earlier in the day, tearing the place apart and one knows how the duchess would have felt. Elizabeth II spent an afternoon in Sark in 1949, before her ascendency as duchess, and thereby gave a wealth of material to the gossips that's yet to be exhausted, one of the juicier items being that her husband, Prince Philip, got to Sark with so bloody a hangover that his first words to Mrs. Hathaway were, "Have you an aspirin, please?") Elizabeth II can countermand the doings of Mrs. Hathaway and the Chief Pleas, but never has. It goes without saying that English law doesn't apply in Sark; English postage stamps are used, but the passports are those of the States of Guernsey, and the money is that of England *and* Guernsey; and Englishmen who visit Sark must go through customs, paying 21 cents as a landing fee. After 600 days there, they are exempt from the draft and English taxes. Sark has the power to try and punish its criminals by its own, un-English laws, but nowadays it lets Guernsey handle the big ones, like murderers.

I haven't made a study of the judicial processes of Guernsey, though I'm told they're a peculiar thing, really—the jury is chosen for life — but I've watched a criminal trial in Sark, and I think it was *very* peculiar. The trial was that of Mr. Edmund Falle, who was accused of closing his tavern one morning at 12:40, instead of the legal hour, 12:30. The complaint, such as it was, had been lodged a week or two earlier by Mr. Phillip Perree, the constable, who was out to make trouble for Mr. Falle because Mr. Falle's son, Mr. Stanley Falle, Mr. Perree's assistant, was due to become constable the next month and was out to make trouble for *him*. The prosecuting attorney was Mr. Perree, the plaintiff; and the trial judge was the nephew of the defendant, as well as the first cousin of Mr. Stanley Falle, the assistant constable — Mr. Willie Baker, the seneschal, who would also function as a jury. All of this was explained to me by Mr. Henry Head, who sat alongside me in court, and I'm pretty sure I've got it straight. Mr. Head explained, further, that he himself was in court as a correspondent for the *Guernsey Star*, the *Guernsey Evening Press*, and the *Jersey Evening Post;* he said it was Sark's first trial in several weeks, and he intended to whoop it up a bit, being paid on space rates. As we waited for the proceedings to begin, I read a few of his

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UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED — ORDERS SHIPPED SAME DAY RECEIVED
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clippings and discovered, from them, that so little of any importance happens in Sark that Mr. Head must usually write about Mr. Head, notably by resigning in high dudgeon from the Chief Pleas, the constabulary, or the Colorado beetle inspectorship, and hurrying to himself for an interview. "Mr. Henry Head, Sark's go-ahead constable, may startle the island this week by giving his resignation," wrote Mr. Henry Head, the *Guernsey Star*'s go-ahead correspondent, in 1951. "This is the second time he has made this threat within two months. In an exclusive interview yesterday . . ." The doings of Mr. Head were warmly applauded by Mr. Head in many of the clippings ("The existent law is too terrible to think about. Mr. Henry Head's proposal deserves support") and, on one memorable occasion, when the outlook for news was especially desperate, he was accorded a 3000 word eulogy by himself in the columns of the *Guernsey Evening Press*, some of the more cordial passages being, "Mr. Head, who several years ago earned from me (i.e., Mr. Head) the pseudonym of the 'stormy petrel of Sark,' has over the past two years more than qualified for the title . . . The fact remains that none will dispute the fact that Mr. Henry Head has made history with a capital 'H' during the past two years of his reign as constable and in doing so has gained for Sark more publicity than it ever before received. Mr. Head has made few friends but many enemies in Sark, but no one will begrudge him his due in the fact that he has done his honorary job with rare conscientiousness, even if, at times, in the opinion of some, without tact."

The courtroom where I was reading all this, and where the trial of Mr. Falle would momentarily begin, was a small, unpretentious room in the elementary boy's school. Its desks were sandy in color, with cases of blue-black ink; chalk was everywhere, and the blackboard at the front was full of arithmetic, like "How many 1½d stamps can be bought for £2-11s-7½d?" Presently, there was a call for silence, and the room was entered by Mr. Willie Baker, the seneschal, a trim, careful, bespectacled man who was wearing a brown suit with leather hems, and by Mr. Hilary Carré, the greffier, who looked as I had imagined a greffier would — rather like a gopher, with a jolly face, two buck teeth and a pot belly. The two men seated themselves by the blackboard, and the seneschal opened the trial by observing that the matter in dispute was whether Mr. Edmund Falle did, or didn't, serve any drinks between the hours of 12:30 and 12:40 A.M.; that Mr. Falle said he didn't; and that the constable said he did — a point the constable clarified at once by springing to his feet, saying, "I couldn't of said for whom customer it was; it was. though." The constable was accustomed to Norman patois, not English. His lips were tight and bitter.

The constable was now called upon by the seneschal to produce his witnesses, and answered, in what was very close to astonishment, "I've'n't *got* any witnesses." This disclosure was followed by a great deal of silence, which lasted till Mr. Falle's lawyer harrumphed a bit, observing, "It is customary, I believe, for the prosecution to have witnesses when they call a case." The seneschal said something to the effect that customs differ in different lands, and suggested that, although the prosecution hadn't any witnesses, perhaps the defense *had*, and Mr. Edmund Falle took the stand in his own behalf.

"It was 12:30 o'clock, and I called out, *time!*" said Mr. Falle, "and nobody got any drinks after. I tried to get them, everybody, out, and if the constable hadn't of been there, I would of gotten 'em out. The constable was —"

"What did you do to get them out?" said Mr. Falle's lawyer.

"I called out, *time!* I turned the lights out. The constable was takin' names, like I said, and everybody was waitin' and seein' what'd happen." By now, it was clear to everyone but the seneschal that the constable had nothing but a grudge against Mr. Falle. "I asked the constable t' help," said Mr. Falle, "but he's busy takin' names, he said."

"Yes," said the constable, interrupting, "but there'd been no nothing there, and Mr. Falle called out, *time*, and showed no head t' pushin' 'em out, and they're still servin' drinks at th' other end."

"When?" said the seneschal, who was fast going into a quandary.

"It was 12:40, you c'n test m' watch," said the constable.

"It was 12:30," said Mr. Falle.

"You, Mr. Falle, are you absolutely sure of that?" said the seneschal.

"I'm absolutely sure of that," said Mr. Falle.

"Abso*lute*ly?"

"Absolutely."

"Well," said the seneschal, brightly, "one of the watches must have been wrong!"

"There was money circulatin' after th' bell had rang, half pas' 12," said the constable.

"There's something wrong somewhere," said the seneschal.

The seneschal adjourned the court to deliberate, the constable shooed everyone outside, Mr. Henry Head hurried to a telephone, and the greffier slapped a beret onto his head and rode furiously off on a bicycle. I ran into the seneschal a few days later. "It's quite a problem," he told me, "quite a problem." I sailed away from Sark before he had solved it.

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QUOTEMANSHIP

(continued from page 37)

setup looked perfect. I screwed my courage to the sticking-point and put the old proposition right to her.

HAROLD: And?

GERALD: So who's sitting in the next room, quiet like a bear trap? Her old man, a Bible salesman. I tell you, the way he came charging in, I barely escaped by the skin of my teeth.

HAROLD: Well, the wages of sin are death, so on the whole you were pretty lucky. Anyway, you've just about cleared up the question of Joan. Read any interesting books lately?

• • •

Admittedly, a highly unlikely chunk of dialogue. But never mind that. The question is: did you find any misquotations in it? What, *none?* Oh, you found one. In that case you qualify as a C.C.Q. — Certified Correct Quoter — and are entitled to look down your nose at everyone except another C.C.Q.

As a matter of fact, there were no less than 15 misquotations in that conversation. Here are the correct versions and their sources, with the offending words in italics:

1) *In* the sweat of thy *face* shalt thou eat bread (Genesis, iii, 19)

2) Pride goeth before *destruction*, and an haughty spirit before a fall (Proverbs, xvi, 18)

3) A little *learning* is a dang'rous thing (Pope, *Essay on Criticism*)

4) Water, water, everywhere, *nor any* drop to drink (Coleridge, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*)

5) All that *glisters* is not gold (*The Merchant of Venice*, II, vii)

6) Imitation is the sincerest of flattery (Charles Colton, *The Lacon*)

7) He that is without *sin* among you, let him *first cast a stone* at her (John, viii, 7)

8) There is *no new thing* under the sun (Ecclesiastes, i, 9)

9) To gild refined gold, to *paint* the lily (*King John*, IV, ii)

10) The devil can *cite* Scripture for his purpose (*The Merchant of Venice*, I, iii)

11) But yet I'll make assurance *double* sure (*Macbeth*, IV, i)

12) *The love of* money is the root of all evil (I Timothy, vi, 10)

13) But screw your courage to the sticking-*place*,

And we'll not fail (*Macbeth*, I, vii)

14) I am escaped *with* the skin of my teeth (Job, xix, 20)

15) The wages of sin *is* death (Romans, vi, 23)

Do you get the idea? Just about everyone who tries to use these passages misquotes them. If you are among the very few who can use them, and others like them, correctly, you have set yourself apart from the common ruck and have shown yourself to be a man of cultivation and scrupulous regard for the treasures of English literature.

And if this doesn't help you come on real large with your girl, then, as Horatio said to Iago, thou hadst best annex thyself another doxy, dad.

"I'd like you to meet my best friend and my severest critic."

ON HIS MIND

(continued from page 68)

other was older, but fully painted. There were shadows under her eyes, and her ears supported heavy metal rings.

"Wine, for God's sake!" said the stranger.

The room was full now. "For everybody?"

"Yes, fill 'em up." The stranger looked at the coin he was spinning, and threw it across the room to the innkeeper, who caught it and pocketed it in one smooth gesture.

"You ought to get some change," said the man who looked like a wrestler.

The younger woman looked at the stranger, touched his hand, and said: "In trouble, dear?"

"No," said the stranger, and pushed her away.

"Would you like me to sing for you?"

"No."

"Dance?"

"No."

"Will you buy me a drink?"

The stranger was staring out into the street. The morning shadows had crept close to the houses. It was noon. He pushed away his wine cup, which fell to the floor and seemed to explode in a star-shaped splash of glistening purple.

"Did you go up the hill?" somebody asked.

Somebody else replied: "What for? It's all over by now. I've got something better to do."

The stranger pushed his way towards the door. There was a little white fleck in each corner of his mouth, which some unendurable misery had twisted into a narrow, lipless oblong.

"Hey!" cried the innkeeper. "You owe me for one round."

The stranger stopped suddenly as if he had encountered an invisible wall. They saw him thrust a hand into his pouch, fumble, and withdraw a great clenched fist. He swung his hand. Everybody winced and ducked. There was a smash and a jangle of silver. People threw themselves on the falling money in a cursing heap.

"Here," said the stranger. "The other 28 pieces."

The innkeeper, standing in a strange attitude — for he had one foot on a coin and one fist clenched in the air where it had closed upon another — stared after him.

The young woman, hiding five pieces in her bosom, said: "He seemed to have something on his mind."

"All the same," said the innkeeper, "I wish we had a customer like him every day."

BARRACUDAS

(continued from page 50)

seemed contagious. Al Banks was thinking about dolphin and sailfish and wahoo; Gerald Millinder was wondering how long this state of things would go on between him and Madge, and whether he was hopelessly ineffectual for not being able to make up his mind once and for all about the book ending. Madge was wishing there was something she could do to keep Gerald from getting so moody. She had hoped this fishing trip would help but it was turning out to be a mess.

In the silence, suddenly, they heard a splash a hundred yards or so off their bow. Al Banks turned his head quickly, with the sense of excitement real fishermen never lose. He was tired of this lazy, hand-line stuff and there was something about this joker Millinder that made him want to nudge the writer into action.

"There's something out there. Let's make one more pass at 'em before chow. Maybe we c'n catch ourselves an amber jack. Pull in your lines."

Half drowsing in the sun and looking on indifferently as a gray snapper teased his bait, Gerald Millinder was looking up from his desk, home in Westport, as Madge came in with the day's mail.

— Madge, the book club called today. They'll take the book.

— Oh, Gerald! How wonderful!

— Yes, it is. It means 35,000 dollars.

Madge hugged him. The book had taken longer to write than he had figured and the publisher's advance hadn't quite seen him through it. They had had to borrow on their insurance. And if the book should only sell five or six thousand copies, like the last one . . . Madge had been worried, more than she had let him see.

— 35,000! We'll put half of it away for the children's education.

That had been one of the things worrying them.

— Only wait a minute. There's a catch in it, Madge.

— Oh?

— Yes, they want me to change the ending.

He had tried to make it sound casual but it went to the heart of what he was trying to do. Eight years ago he had quit a 20,000-a-year radio job to write as he pleased, to be his own man. The last fortress of individual enterprise, he had half-kiddingly called his study. Change the ending. Lord, the nights he had worked on that ending until he was satisfied that it said what he most deeply wanted it to say. And now they wanted to soften it, tone it down. It was too grim they said, too defiant.

Promptly, characteristically, Madge had said — If I were you, Gerald, I wouldn't do it.

And Gerald, troubled, torn: — Madge, I don't know, we need that money like crazy. And is it fair to the kids, is the ending, any ending, that important? Is there any reason why they should be penalized for my artistic purity? Or maybe the book club people are right. It isn't a bad ending they're suggesting. Not a too-convenient happy ending or anything like that. Just a little less shocking, a little less — well, they think I go too far.

— I wish I could help you, Madge had said. — But you'll have to do what you have to do.

You have to do what you *have* to do. "— all lines in the boat."

The sound of the motor and the sense of forward motion in the Lorelei brought him back from the bends of Westport to the blue-green quiet of the Gulf. The doctor was right — rest, relax, breathe deep, fish . . .

From the stern came an unfamiliar grinding sound and then, over his shoulder, snapping Gerald Millinder back to here and now, he heard a brief, vivid oath from Al Banks.

"God damn it, didn't you hear me tell you three times to get your goddamn lines into the boat?"

Gerald drew on his line and realized for the first time that it was taut, held firm, and being pulled out of his hand by something unyielding beneath the water. For a moment he thought he must have hooked a big one, a Jewfish perhaps, and then he heard Banks cussing —

"God damn it, you got your line fouled in her goddamn propeller."

In a blaze of profanity, the Skipper shut off the goddamn motor before the line could work its way right into the goddamn propeller shaft.

Shaken, and hating Banks, the Lorelei, fishing and primitive life in general, Gerald leaned over the railing and peered helplessly down at the fouled propeller. A few feet below the surface there were three barracuda, lying side by side, attracted by the bait on the line wound around the propeller.

The Skipper stood right behind him. "Are you a pretty good swimmer?"

Gerald looked up into the hard, leathery face. "What — what are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about your line fouling up my propeller. Someone's gonna have to go over the side and work it clear."

"Can't we just leave it there and go on?"

"And grind your line into my propeller shaft? Sorry, Mister, not on my boat."

The Skipper stared at Gerald Millinder and Gerald looked down at the deck and then at the water and then at the Skipper again and then at Madge.

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She was standing there watching them with a stiff, uncertain expression on her face. I know what she's thinking, Gerald grieved, that I'm afraid, that I'm not a whole man, that I'm not a positive male animal like Al Banks.

He leaned over the railing and cupped his hands around his eyes to study the barracuda. They were waiting, motionless, three of them, three big ones. He could feel their teeth ripping into the socket of his arm. He placed his other hand on that arm as if to hold it to him.

"The barracuda?" he said, with hardly any breath in his voice.

"They won't bother anybody. But just to make sure I'll break out my .22. The water's clear enough for me to see 'em and I can scare 'em off if they get frisky."

Nothing is simple any more, Gerald Millinder was thinking. Not even fishing. Problems of decision. Of courage and risk.

Al Banks was standing there waiting for him to act. The barracuda were down there waiting for him to act. Madge was watching him with a questioning look on her face.

If I can only disconnect my intelligence, Gerald was thinking. If I can find a way to black out this imagination. That's what makes these fearless heroes. A numbness. An ignition key for switching off the imagination.

He looked down into the water and tried. He closed his eyes and tried. And in the sun-struck darkness behind his eyes, he was seized with a strange discovery. He *wanted* to dive in. He was excited with the feeling of wanting to be down there among the hard, swift, violent barracuda. He was crazy eager to plunge into fear and bloody danger and then to emerge heroic, exalted, primevally and finally *alive*.

"All right," he said, "get me some goggles," and this was not Walter Mitty living the *coeur de lion* dream of the faint-hearted, this was incredibly Gerald Millinder himself, stripping down to his swim-trunks in a daze of heroism, moving toward danger with mechanical will, suspended between the twin exhilarations of impetus and triumph.

While he paused at the railing, Madge was conscious of his bony knees, his undeveloped chest, the incipient pouch, the familiar ineffectuality of his physique.

"I think you're a heartless son-of-a-bitch," Madge said to Al Banks. Her husband had never heard her use that term before.

"Gerald, you're not going in. I'm not going to let him do this to you. It isn't heroic, it's crazy, senseless."

Millinder hesitated, caught between the two worlds.

Madge was telling the impassive face

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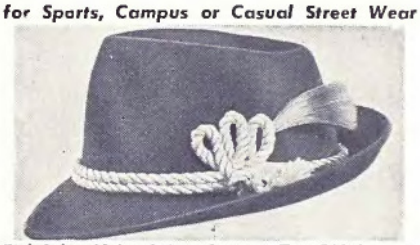

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of Al Banks, "I don't care about your precious propeller. If he has to, he'll buy you a new propeller. But he's not going into that water. It isn't worth it. His courage — it's a different kind — you wouldn't understand. He's not going to have to prove it in your stupid, ridiculous, animal way."

"Madge, I said I would, and I feel I ——"

"Listen, we have three children, and your work and — you're trying to be brave where it's a lot harder to be brave, and where it counts, for you. If you do this — this idiotic thing — I won't be proud of you. I'll think you're as big a fool as — as *he* is for egging you into it."

Al Banks was never a man for argument. Either do it or get off the spot was his philosophy. Now he came over and said:

"Tell you what I'll do with you. I'll sneak her slowly back into the lagoon. She only draws two and a half feet and I can practically lay her stern on the beach. Then I can cut the line out."

"Take her into shallow water and I'll get the damn line myself," Gerald said.

So that's the way it was compromised. Millinder put on the goggles and held himself under the boat a minute or so at a time and finally worked his line free. There was still some slight danger from barracuda — if indeed barracuda are dangerous — but not much. Millinder felt somewhat exhilarated but not as much as if he had accomplished the feat in deep water. Al Banks felt justified but not as much as if he had been able to prove to Millinder that the fear of barracuda was mostly in his mind. Madge felt satisfied with having put an end to daredevil foolishness but not as much as if she had been able to get Gerald not to go into the water at all.

Between the Millinders and Al Banks almost nothing was said as he took the Lorelei back across the Straits. Two worlds had collided and held each other fast for a moment, and then each had shaken the other off and backed away to resume its own course.

Sitting with Madge in the stern on the way in, Gerald was thinking of the barracudas lurking beneath the surface of his creative life. Let me dive down among the waiting shadows and realities. Let me dive down.

And then, so clearly it startled him, his decision was in his mind. "Madge," he said, "I just decided. I've got to keep that book my way. To hell with the money."

Madge let her hand rest on his. "Good. We'll manage. I'm glad you decided. Now put it out of your mind. Let's enjoy the day."

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MIKE WALLACE

(continued from page 61)

ence above average in taste and educational background.

WALLACE: Above average in taste and educational background — these are very interesting sociological phrases, I guess, but — uh — what does that mean — above average in taste and educational background?

HEFNER: Over 70% of our readers are college educated, Mike. A majority of them are executives and professional men, with an annual income considerably above the national average. The point I'm making is, the audience is a very specialized one and we try to edit PLAYBOY with these men in mind. They expect the best and that's what we try to give them. In the particular issue you have in front of you, you'll find an original story by John Collier, another by Ray Bradbury, with original art by Picasso. In the last couple of issues, we've had a review of the current Broadway season by Wolcott Gibbs, an article on American advertising by Philip Wylie, satire by P. G. Wodehouse; next month, we have a new novelette by Budd Schulberg. Whether it's fiction, articles, art, photography — we try to publish the very best that's available.

WALLACE: You keep talking about all of the literature that's involved, but you don't seem to pay much mind to the fact that there's very little literature and a tremendous amount of sex here. It seems to me that the literature is liberally larded, fore and aft, with pictures of girls, as I said a little earlier, in various stages of undress and some of the frankest — not double entendre, but single entendre — jokes I've ever seen.

HEFNER: I think, as I've said, that it seems that way only because PLAYBOY is in such sharp contrast to what we've learned to expect from the other major magazines in America today. Most publications are produced with the same viewpoint as the typical TV show — aimed at an entire household — at everyone and no-one. I'm not suggesting there's anything wrong with this approach, but it certainly doesn't make much sense for a magazine intended for urban men. We try to edit PLAYBOY with the adult directness of a good foreign film — the spice and fun of a Broadway musical. That was one of the big reasons for beginning the book — we felt there was no magazine doing a really successful job of entertaining the audience we're trying to reach.

WALLACE: Yes, but let's not hide behind altruistic motives, if we can get away from them temporarily, Hugh. *Chicago* Magazine quoted you to the effect that sex will always be a primary ingredient of the magazine. Isn't that what you're really selling — kind of a high-class dirty

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book?

HEFNER: No, I don't think so at all. There's an important distinction here. Sex always will be an important part of the book, because sex is probably the single thing that men are most interested in. We're quite honest and open about it — we think that's a healthy way to be. But I would estimate that no more than 5% of any issue of PLAYBOY is concerned with sex, and we seem to be devoting an entire half-hour program to it here tonight. In the issue you have there before you, you will find many non-sex features in addition to the Playmate Review, which is a bringing together of all the Playmates of the past year, . . . we do that in each Holiday Issue . . .

WALLACE: The Playmate Review?

HEFNER: Yes . . . I assume those are the pictures you are referring to . . .

WALLACE: And you bring together all your Playmates.

HEFNER: Yes — pictorially.

WALLACE: The subtitle on the cover of PLAYBOY says: "Entertainment for Men." Now in the profile on you in *Chicago* Magazine, you said that your magazine appealed to the young sophisticated guy — intelligent, if not intellectual, who finds most of his entertainment indoors. Is that a definition of you or of the fellow who buys your magazine? A young, sophisticated guy, intelligent, if not intellectual, who finds most of his entertainment indoors?

HEFNER: An honest answer is probably, *both*, Mike. The magazine was conceived as an expression of what I thought a men's magazine should be and it very much reflects my own personality. It is the sort of magazine that I myself would enjoy, I think, if I were a reader rather than the editor.

WALLACE: What's wrong with the muscular men's magazines?

HEFNER: Nothing at all, I think ——

WALLACE: What's wrong with outdoor sports? With hunting and fishing and he-man adventure?

HEFNER: Not a thing. But I felt there was a good-sized male audience that was a little more interested in urban living — in the nice things about an apartment, hi-fi — wine, women and song. And these are the things that PLAYBOY concerns itself with.

WALLACE: These fellows just never go outside?

HEFNER: Occasionally — on very balmy days.

(Laughter)

WALLACE: Most of the big circulation magazines, as you pointed out, make a point of advertising that they are for every member of the family. Would you suggest that PLAYBOY be left around the home of a young married couple with a child, let's say, in the age range from 10 to 16?

HEFNER: PLAYBOY is edited for an adult male audience and you cannot expect such a publication to serve up an editorial content suited to the intellectual and emotional level of children. But in a direct answer to your question, I don't believe there is anything within the pages of the magazine that would be harmful to a normal, healthy American child.

WALLACE: Pictures of ——

HEFNER: Let me make this point, Mike. There's nothing dirty in sex unless we make it dirty. A picture of a beautiful woman is something that a fellow of any age ought to be able to enjoy. If he doesn't, then that's the kid to watch out for. Our Associate Publisher, A. C. Spectorsky, author of *The Exurbanites*, has observed that when he was young, there were two kinds of boys — those who liked to pull the wings off flies and those who liked girls. We confess to a preference for the latter. The deviates, the perverts, the serious juvenile delinquents — they're not interested in healthy boy-girl relationships. It is the sick mind that finds something loathesome and obscene in sex. For us, sex is neither dirty nor is it a sacred cow. A society that is able to laugh at itself — sex included — has a pretty healthy attitude.

WALLACE: *Esquire* Magazine started out on much the same premise. An editorial executive at *Esquire* said over the telephone yesterday that almost everything in PLAYBOY is an imitation of *Esquire*. Certainly such features as the jokes, liquor, jazz, travel and center-fold girly-spread do parallel each other. You came out of the *Esquire* organization. What has PLAYBOY got that *Esquire* hasn't, besides more girls?

HEFNER: I think that it far more accurately reflects the tempo and thinking of the times. We've had such a phenomenal success — with such an aware audience — that I don't think it is possible to explain PLAYBOY's popularity by simply looking inside an issue. I believe we have a large segment of male urban America today — identifying with the book — feeling that this is a publication that has real meaning for them. They've adopted PLAYBOY as *their* magazine — as a symbol, sort of, as much as the sports car, the dry martini and the gray flannel suit.

WALLACE: Let's switch away from PLAYBOY and to Hugh Hefner for a minute, if we may. Early in the show you were quoted as describing yourself, or perhaps the symbol of the fellow to whom you sell your magazine, as a young, city-bred male, sophisticated, intelligent if not intellectual, and so forth. Now, in self-appraisal, Hugh, are you indoor or outdoor, high-brow or low-brow? Well, let's start there. Are you an indoor or outdoor fellow, by and large?

HEFNER: When we say "indoor," I think I should make this point — we don't mean that our reader never gets outside his apartment. We use the expression in contrast to the outdoor men's magazines — as a means of expressing city interests, urban interests. I'm very much an urban guy.

WALLACE: High-brow, middle-brow or low-brow?

HEFNER: I consider myself upper-middle.

WALLACE: How important is money to you?

HEFNER: A very secondary aim.

WALLACE: Truly?

HEFNER: Truly.

WALLACE: I gather, from reading the *Chicago* Magazine portrait of you, that you rather like the affluence, the power,

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the celebrity that came with being the publisher of a successful magazine.

HEFNER: It's very, very nice . . . and quite unexpected . . .

WALLACE: What's the kick that you get out of it? You're not after the money?

HEFNER: The primary purpose is a thing I felt I had to do. And the very real pleasure is in the doing. Most of the money that we're fortunate enough to be making from the magazine goes right back into it — to make the future issues still better.

WALLACE: You mean you just like the business of writing and laying-out and working with a paste-pot and selling and so forth? Just the business itself?

HEFNER: I don't want to seem that limited. Actually — it's a yearning to communicate — to express one's talents and ideas. The creation of what we hope will prove to be the best men's magazine in America is, I think, enough of an aspiration for one guy in one lifetime.

WALLACE: Tell me this, as an editor and a publisher and a man, what in your opinion, Hugh, makes a woman exciting?

HEFNER (*laughing*): That's a real beauty, Mike. Well . . . I think it's an indefinable thing . . . a combination of face and figure and personality . . . the way a girl projects herself. You're talking about a girl in person, I assume, in contrast to a photograph.

WALLACE: Do you take out many of your Playmates? Are you attracted to the kind of girls who pose in the nude?

HEFNER: I've never thought about any big difference between girls who pose in the nude and girls who don't.

WALLACE: Really?

HEFNER: Really. The majority of our Playmates are not professional models. They're attractive girls that we find all over America and they pose for a variety of reasons. Some because they think it will help them get into the movies . . . and some just for the fun of it. In the past year, one Playmate was an airline stewardess, one a New York telephone operator and one a Phi Beta Kappa writer.

WALLACE: Hugh, let me ask you one last question to which I would like a "yes" or "no" answer. Do you respect a girl who would pose in the nude — or very close to it —

HEFNER: *Certainly.*

WALLACE: — For a magazine that has a circulation of close to a million?

HEFNER: *Certainly.*

WALLACE: Hugh Hefner — a hugely successful newcomer to the publishing world. His formula for success is elemental. And whether you condone or deplore his formula, Hugh Hefner has proved beyond any doubt that there is, indeed, nothing like a dame.

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KURTZMAN

(continued from page 70)

to see how it felt and looked and smelled to ride in real tanks; he personally interviewed Korean veterans and took a trip to Washington just to talk with people at the Pentagon. Once, he sent his assistant editor down in a submarine. Such attention to detail and accuracy was almost unknown in the comic book field, but it paid off in a superior product that influenced the whole trade.

This elaborate research and overwork on Kurtzman's part led to lowered resistance and an attack of yellow jaundice. While convalescing, he brooded over his unhappy lot. "I wanted to edit a magazine where I wouldn't have to go out and do all that leg work," says Kurtzman. "Something where I could go shut myself in a room somewhere and think up a story out of my head." Kurtzman's loyal but research-worn artists said amen to that and vowed to follow wherever he might lead.

Thus, in the spring of 1953, from yellow jaundice, was born *Mad*.

Mad (subtitled "Humor in a Jugular Vein") was a satirical comic book: it lampooned famous comic strips (*Superduperman*), radio and TV shows (*Dragged Net*), old movies (*Ping Pong*), new movies (*The Barefoot Nocountessa*), attacking them all through the expressive medium of the comic strip panel. But these panels could not be assimilated by the reader as swiftly as most, for they were loaded with dialog and packed with subsidiary background gags, therefore demanding of the reader an expense of time and effort, almost of study, if the full content of humor was to be extracted. As with other quality examples of the strip cartoonist's art (*Krazy Kat, Barnaby, Pogo, Peanuts*), the new magazine was first latched on to by a small, ardent following of enthusiasts and before long was "in," hip, chic, the mainstay of fashionable conversation. "*Mad*," wrote the editor of *Alumination*, "is perhaps the first truly adult comic magazine." *Pageant* said: "In the comic book business, where 350 titles are published monthly and everybody follows trends, a very unusual comic book — *Mad* — has emerged as the leader of the latest trend. *Mad* is satirical and it's funny. And in a field normally dominated by horror and violence, this is such an unusual twist that *Mad*, in only 11 issues, has soared to a circulation of 750,000 . . ."

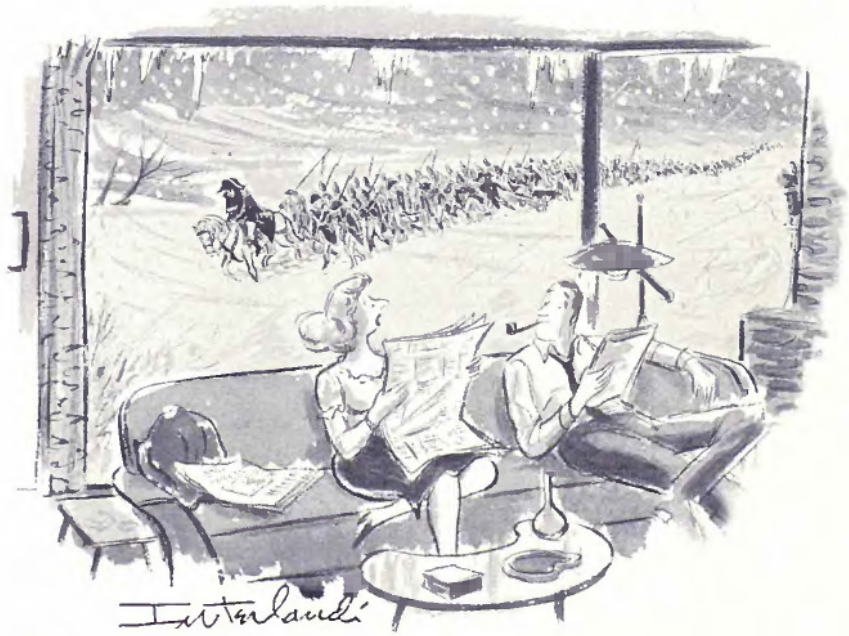
In an article that first appeared in *Commentary* and was subsequently anthologized in a weighty tome called *Mass Culture*, Robert Warshow wrote that *Mad* was "devoted to a wild, undisciplined machine-gun attack on American popular culture . . . The tendency of the humor, in its insistent violence, is to reduce all culture to indiscriminate anarchy." He also said that *Mad* was "in a direct line of descent from the Marx Brothers . . . and from that comic orchestra which starts out playing 'serious' music and ends up with all the instruments smashed." Warshow confessed to having read *Mad* "with a kind of irritated pleasure."

Unexpected praise for the new Kurtzman creation came from London when E. W. Hildick wrote, in England's staid *Journal of Education*: "Intelligent people on this side of the Atlantic have grown used to receiving with a shudder news of any further development of mass communications in America. It is refreshing, therefore, to be able to describe such a venture — in the comic book field at that — without having to look up Roget on Rubbish." Hildick described his first experience with *Mad*: "I must admit that for the first few minutes it had me fooled. Here, I thought, as I flicked through page after page of thumps, thighs and thuggery, here was one of the worst. The fact that it was obviously better drawn than most only deepened my depression, for when excellent draftsmen stoop to — and that's about as far as I got in this glum train of thought. I'd begun to follow one of the stories more closely and in doing so had found that it was all a glorious hoax . . . peppered with satire and wrapped in parody." *Superman* and such *Superman* types as *Captain Marvel* and *Batman* were a favorite target for the early *Mad*. Hildick cited sociologist George H. Pumphrey's description of such types ("small heads with receding foreheads and enormously developed muscular bodies and limbs") and then told his readers what happened to these musclebound heroes in the hands of Kurtzman and his friends: "They run true to type. Their muscles are enormously developed, their heads are small. But — and this is where *Mad*'s artists excel — their foreheads recede just that little bit too much, their mouths stretch that extra oafish millimetre and there is about their expression, at times, the vague but unmistakable pout of the pansy. After a dozen frames of this it is not inconceivable that even a staunch *Superman*-worshiper should become a trifle uneasy. ('This looks like the goods, but — —') And if he should smile when he notices on Superduperman's chest an embroidered FOR RENT or 100% WOOL or THINK! instead of the usual flamboyant emblem, then the essentially humorless world of *Superman* will have begun to totter."

Other commentators on the new phenomenon included Stan Freberg (". . . brilliant lampoonery . . . an example of pure and honest satire . . .") and Roger Price (". . . I like *Mad* . . . It's the first successful humor magazine to be started in this country since *The New Yorker* . . . It has style.").

Canny paperback tycoon Ian Ballantine saw the merit of *Mad* early in the game and obtained permission to put out a series of still-popular 35¢ collections of Kurtzmania entitled *The Mad Reader, Mad Strikes Back, Inside Mad* and *Utterly Mad*.

Naturally, newsstands soon became glutted with *Mad* imitations dubbed *Wild, Whack, Flip, Nuts, Riot, Madhouse, Bughouse, Crazy Man Crazy, Get*



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Lost, Lunatickle and *Eh!* One imitation, *Panic,* was put on the market by the publisher of *Mad.* Though perhaps the deftest of the imitations, since it followed the *Mad* format exactly and used many *Mad* artists, it never achieved *Mad*'s popularity.

Kurtzman was destined for bigger things than the comic book medium, which he soon began to find restrictive. He received an attractive offer from *Pageant* to come in as assistant to the editor-in-chief and was considering it when *Mad*'s publisher, William Gaines, made him an even more attractive counteroffer — a carte blanche go-ahead on a pet Kurtzman daydream: the upgrading of *Mad* from a comic book to an all-round satire magazine that would make use of written text, photographs and other special feature material in addition to the comic strip technique. This new *Mad* allowed Kurtzman and his cronies to stretch their wings and soar into areas of humor hitherto denied them.

It was a short-lived flight, however, for when the horror comics in the EC line fell under the bombardment of the censors, EC's distributor went bankrupt and, in the ensuing financial upheaval, the Kurtzman Consort was soon out on its own, looking for another publisher.

The editors of PLAYBOY had long been fans of *Mad* and it was a natural course of events, then, when HMH Publishing Company furnished the nut for Kurtzman to start afresh. A quarter of a million PLAYBOY dollars were invested in *Trump,* a slick, expensively produced 50¢ magazine with full color distributed lavishly throughout. Devotees of satire will cherish forever the memory of some of *Trump*'s handsome, hilarious pages: the startlingly exact duplicate of a Breck shampoo ad, with Al Capp's Hairless Joe in place of the perennial wet-eyed blonde; the spread of pseudo pocketbook covers, lampooning the paperback practice of promising sensational thrills on the covers of innocent classics ("ROBINSON CRUSOE, A Strange Tale of Lonely Men"); and the inspired parody of *Life*'s "Epic of Man" series. This last was a sumptuous gatefold by Will Elder prefaced by these remarks: "Who is not familiar with the epic of this type which has appeared as a series in another popular magazine? . . . We'd been looking at all these beautiful artists' drawings of how cavemen looked a million years ago and we got to thinking — what kind of pictures will the artists a million years from *now* be drawing of *us?*" The answer appeared in loving detail on the full-color, three-page foldout that followed. A reconstructed "typical village" of the time of "Unitedstatesolithic Man" had been reconstructed all wrong by the anthropologists of a million years hence: a "typical hut" was pieced together from a subway entrance ("These huts, it seems, were connected by metal-tracked underground tunnels, probably for mutual protection. Inscription on hut indicates town was called 'Downtown.' "); men hung fish on "drying racks" (TV antennae), fashioned "boat with ingenious valve device for letting water in" (a bathtub), worshiped "odd statue found in great numbers everywhere" (a fire hydrant) and drank out of bowls "inscribed with tribal name" (Chevrolet hubcaps).

The publisher of PLAYBOY soon discovered, however (as did last year's TV sponsors of a Caesar named Sid), that the fans of satire, though fervent, are few: there are not enough of them to support a lush, costly publication devoted exclusively to satire (George S. Kaufman once observed, "Satire is what closes on Saturday night."). *Trump* was discontinued and Kurtzman, bloody but unbowed, drew his pals around him once again to plan still another magazine. Money was chipped in by all concerned, and PLAYBOY contributed to the new venture with office space and material prepared for, but not used in, *Trump.* The new magazine, produced at low cost on inexpensive paper and faintly resembling the English *Punch,* was called *Humbug.* In the kickoff issue, Kurtzman wrote:

"Here we go again! We don't believe in standing still and letting the grass grow under our feet! Oh no! We're going to spring into action! We're going to hustle on down to that Unemployment Insurance office for money. After that, we're going to hustle back to work on our latest magazine, *Humbug. Humbug* will be a crusading magazine. We will tackle important national issues such as Should the Mayflower Replica Be Allowed to Land in the U.S., and Fluoridation — the Red Conspiracy. *Humbug* will be a responsible magazine. We won't write for morons. We won't do anything just to get laughs. We won't be dirty. We won't be grotesque. We won't be in bad taste. We won't sell any magazines."

This is "magnificent disregard" with a vengeance! But friends and fans (they include Ian Ballantine, who will bring out a paperback called *The Humbug Digest* any day now) have faith in Kurtzman. They know that, although the course of true satire has never run smooth, there will always be a staunch bunch of zany zealots who will run out and buy, read, roar over and recommend to all who will hear them the unique humor of the Kurtzman crew — whether it's labeled *Mad, Trump, Humbug* or *Potrzebie.*

MANIPULATORS

(continued from page 62)

selor has admonished car dealers to forego their long-time habit of kicking the tires when they inspect a car being brought in on a trade. The owner of the old car is apt to take that kick personally, and take his patronage elsewhere.

As we all know, buying and selling has been going on in the world quite a while and, ever since the beginning, the sellers have done their damnedest to convince the buyers they *needed* such-and-such an urn, or carpet, or love-potion, whether the buyers actually needed them or not. There is nothing new in this. What *is* new — and what some thoughtful observers consider frightening and morally reprehensible — is the grim efficiency such persuasion is taking in our time and the plain unfairness of what used to be a pretty fair tug of war. In olden days, buyer and seller fought as equals, and the buyer could be a most cagey cuss indeed, exercising the sapient strategy immortalized by Solomon in one of the proverbs: "'It is naught, it is naught,' saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, *then* he boasteth." Today, however, the sellers are amassing every force known to modern psychology in a concerted effort to burrow inside the buyer's mind and manipulate him, make it impossible for him to say "It is naught." Buyers and sellers are no longer equals: the buyer is a single layman with only his own personal compulsions and intelligence to guide him; while the seller has become a vast, enormously expensive machine relentlessly dedicated to manufacturing consent. And whether the seller is selling products or political aspirants makes little difference. The question that arises has been phrased thus by one disturbed public relations man: "What degree of intensity is proper in seeking to arouse desire, hatred, envy, cupidity, hope . . .?"

What degree of intensity, indeed? Where does it stop? Does it stop at all? A recent editorial in *Art Direction* magazine said, "The power to influence mass minds is Orwellian in its proportions. It is as potentially devastating to the minds, the morals and the emotions as the H-bomb is to the material world about us." Already, through what the electrical engineers are calling *bio-control*, animals with full stomachs have been made to feel hungry. The Manipulators go to a lot of trouble and spend a lot of time and money making us hungry for foods and cars and clothes we don't need. Wouldn't it be a lot easier for them if they could simply press a button? This, of course, is not possible for The Manipulators of 1957.

But 1984 is less than 30 years away.

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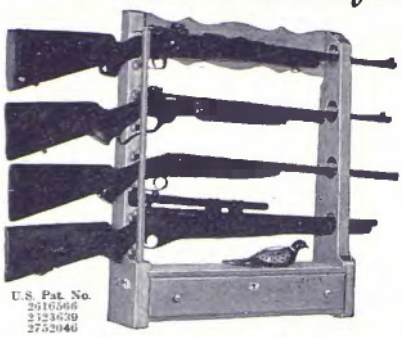

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

Anyone for camel racing, a Babylonian bazaar and beauty queens clad in naught but harem scanties? If so, point your Corvette in the direction of California's Coachella Valley during its mid-February National Date Festival. The dates involved are mostly the oblong *Phoenix dactylifera* variety that grow on palms, but you'll also find long-stemmed, cunningly-curved types strolling about in happy profusion. And Palm Springs, with its attendant fun, is only 25 miles away.

A nifty new way of getting down to Miami from New York is to fly via Havana. First-class air fare is boosted by only $6.31 round trip, and you can stop over in Cuba for a few hours or a few days, as you wish. The Tropicana's chorus line is a stunning sight to see.

February, of course, is carnival month — and Rio's gala is certainly the hardiest perennial of them all. Good way to take it all in is on a cruise to the mountain-girt bay city with additional calls at Trinidad, Barbados, Bahia, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, etc. — in 38 days for $1285 up from Manhattan, leaving January 23. Or, if you prefer calypso to samba, leave Gotham February 13 — same route, same special cruise fun, same luxury shipboard living — to hit Trinidad at the peak of its Mardi Gras hoopla.

In Europe, too, February means carnival time, especially along the Riviera. But if you're a little tired of the flamboyant carryings-on and the crowds at such popular spas as Nice, give a look at the lovelier, lazier and far less commercial joys of, for instance, the Lemon Festival at Menton on the French side, or the Almond Blossom Festival at Agrigento across the frontier in Italy. If you choose Italy, don't forget an unforgettable, little-known ski spot that is almost in sight of the warm Mediterranean: Piera-Cava. While you're taking your ease at these quieter resorts, it's no trick to zip over to the big plush playgrounds when the spirit moves you. Incidentally, private yachts on charter are increasingly available for Mediterranean coastal jaunts and skindiving expeditions all along these ancient shores—at rates running around $20 per *voyageur* per day. The Port Captain at most of the resorts can usually steer you straight on this.

For further information, write to Janet Pilgrim, Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

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